The Relief Society Magazine

OL. 42 NO. 5

MAY 1955

Where Lilacs Grew

Alice Morrey Bailey

Lilacs pioneered this western place
Before begonias and delphinium.
Nurtured in the wagon's premium space
They rode beside the apple and the plum.
Down across the sage-locked valley floor
They sent a line of waxen green to grace
A cedar fence, a gate, a rustic door
With alien lavender and perfumed lace.

And many hearts that ached with homesick grief
Were salved by bits of home, transplanted here,
For courage grew in thrusting root and leaf,
And triumph waved in lilac's scented spear.
The coyote's wail, the hard, unyielding clay,
Were robbed of strength where lilacs led the way.

The Cover: "Lavender Lantana," Photograph by Ward Linton
Frontispiece Photograph: "Lilacs," Photograph by Ward Linton
Cover Design by Evan Jensen

From Near and Far

We think *The Relief Society Magazine* is wonderful. When it comes we just want to sit down and read it right away. The August issue (1954) arrived today. I have just been reading it. It is most inspiring to read in "Fruits of a Living Faith" by Elder Clifford E. Young of the wonderful faith and courage of the pioneers, and the story "New Light" by Lucille Tournear is really lovely. The stories in the *Magazine* are surely inspired. They touch the heart and inspire one just as the gospel does.

—Enid Layton
Bendigo
Victoria, Australia

May I express my appreciation and enjoyment of the *Magazine*. I read each issue from cover to cover. I read with special interest the December issue and the article "The Relief Society Building Cornerstone-Laying Ceremony." It thrilled my heart and filled my eyes with tears of happiness and gratitude that the dream of having a Relief Society Building for the women of the Church is being fulfilled. The prophetic promise has become a reality, and the picture of the building now under construction is evidence of that fulfillment. The smiling faces of our beloved general presidency as they are standing near the building are inspirational, and also the picture of the General Authorities of the Church and officers of Relief Society at the ceremony. The picture of our dearly beloved President Spafford as she deposits the records in the cornerstone brings us the thrill of that memorable and historic moment.

—Emma M. Gardner
Sacramento, California

The *Magazine* always brings me great comfort and guidance for my needs as a mother of three very young children. It is my prayer at this time that the inspired and very well-planned *Magazine* will continue for years to come.

—Ethel T. Kurihara
Marbo AF
Guam

Our Relief Society group here in Gilversum wishes to thank you for the *Magazines* we have received and want to tell you that we have enjoyed them very much. We could look at the pictures, and some stories could be translated by one of our sisters. It is very nice to read about our sisters so far from here, but, by our Church and our wonderful gospel, we know that we belong all together.

—Susanne van der Wal
President Gilversum
Branch Relief Society
Gilversum, Holland

Living here in Rocky Boy, I have been unable to attend Relief Society, and so have enjoyed the *Magazine* more than ever. I imagine the same situation will exist in Standing Rock, our new home, as it is also a very isolated reservation. (Incidentally, my husband, who works for the Bureau of Indian Affairs, will be Range Management Supervisor there.) We hated to move still further away from Salt Lake City, our home town, and also from the Havre Branch, where we have been members for four years, but the wonderful *Magazine* does much to keep us in touch.

—Maurine B. Hansen
Standing Rock Agency
Fort Yates
North Dakota

When I thumbed through the pages of *The Relief Society Magazine* for February this evening and saw the name and picture by the story "A Home for Holly," I found the story very much to my liking and it leaves such a pleasant taste. Then I found on the last page (in the biographical sketch) why the name *Harmer* was rather familiar. My teen-age girls read Mabel Harmer's stories in *The Deseret News* quite regularly and their dad also — wholesome stories, often about animals — and animals, furry, feathered, scaly — are quite important around this house . . . .

—Dr. J. Sedley Stanford
Department of Zoology
Utah State Agricultural College
Logan, Utah

THE RELIEF SOCIETY MAGAZINE

Monthly Publication of the Relief Society of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints

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Vol. 42 MAY 1955 No. 5

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PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE GENERAL BOARD OF RELIEF SOCIETY

Editorial and Business Offices: 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah, Phone 4-2511; Subscriptions 246; Editorial Dept. 245. Subscription Price: $1.50 a year; foreign, $2.00 a year; payable in advance. Single copy, 15c. The Magazine is not sent after subscription expires. No back numbers can be supplied. Renew promptly so that no copies will be missed. Report change of address at once, giving old and new address.

Entered as second-class matter February 18, 1914, at the Post Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 8, 1917, authorized June 29, 1918. Manuscripts will not be returned unless return postage is enclosed. Rejected manuscripts will be retained for six months only. The Magazine is not responsible for unsolicited manuscripts.

THE GENERAL PRESIDENCY OF RELIEF SOCIETY WITH THREE GIFTS FOR THE RELIEF SOCIETY BUILDING

Left to right: President Belle S. Spafford; Counselor Marianne C. Sharp; Counselor Velma N. Simonsen.

In the background, a beautiful ryiji from the Finnish Mission, a wall hanging in shades of browns and tans, showing plowing (hidden at bottom), sowing, and reaping. The sisters prepared and dyed the wool, then wove the hanging.

The two lovely cut crystal vases are from the Swedish Mission, representative of Swedish crystal ware.

In front is the interesting top of a low table, the gift of the Hawaiian Mission, made of monkey tree wood which grows in the Hawaiian Islands.

Mother

Elna P. Haymond
Member, General Board of Relief Society

What must this earthly home of divine destiny be, to become the celestial family of infinity (President J. Reuben Clark, Jr.)?

THE above statement causes one to wonder. It causes one to reflect on the home of his childhood and to ask the questions: Did my mother play her part well? Did her mother honor the God-given role of motherhood? Am I carrying on the great work they began?

In contemplating the joys and responsibilities of motherhood, I reflect upon the lives of my parents and grandparents and draw from many of their marvelous and wondrous teachings — teachings that cause me to evaluate the role of mother in the home and the far-reaching effect her teachings, her actions, yes, and even her innermost thoughts have on the generations to come.

In going through valuable family papers, I found a "Last Will and Testament" left to the family by my grandparents. It does not bequeath lands, stocks, bonds, and riches, but it does bequeath a burning testimony of the divinity of Jesus Christ and of the divine origin of his Church, with its saving principles which will lead to salvation and exaltation, if put into practice in the daily lives of their numerous posterity.

President McKay, in a talk entitled "Pioneer Women," relates the story of a young mother having given birth to a baby girl during the long, hazardous handcart trek across the plains in 1856. Years after this baby was born, great criticism was being expressed by some of those present at a gathering, against the Authorities for allowing the handcart company to proceed to Salt Lake City. Over in the corner sat an old man, his face white with emotion, listening to criticism of his and his wife's own story as they crossed the plains. In dignity, and with great earnestness and sincerity, he said, "I ask you to stop this criticism. You are discussing a matter which you know nothing about. Was it a mistake? Yes, but I was in that company, and my wife was in it, too. We suffered beyond anything you can imagine, and many died of exposure and starvation, but did you ever hear a survivor utter a word of criticism? Not one of that company ever apostatized or left the Church, because every one of us came through with absolute knowledge that God lives, for we became acquainted with him in our extremities. Was I, or the mother of my child, sorry we chose to come by handcart? No, neither then nor at any moment in our lives since. The price we paid to become acquainted with God was a privilege to pay."

We are all aware of the many dangers, the periods of near starvation, severe, biting cold, sickness, death, and poverty experienced by the pioneers. During this time the women became mothers, and with

that God-given mother love and devotion, they gave themselves in every way for their children, and for the righteous preservation of the home.

This soul-stirring story recalls to my mind a similar one of my Grandmother Doney who came in the Ellsworth Handcart Company in 1856. She, too, gave birth to a daughter during her arduous trip. Grandmother walked twenty miles the day her babe was born. After the birth, she was allowed to ride in one of the two covered wagons in the party. After the tenth day she carried the infant in her apron the rest of the way, fording streams, climbing hills, trudging the long sagebrush and barren waste ahead. She did not complain. She, too, found and knew God through her trials and hardships.

Rightly can we say of the pioneer mothers: They loved righteousness because it was right. They were peacemakers because they loved peace. They loved the poor, for they administered unto them. They remembered the widow, the orphan, and the aged, for they comforted them. They were pioneers in word and thought and deed. They fought the battles of life with the weapons of love, determination, and faith. They taught spirituality, love, harmony, obedience, and tolerance. They honored the Priesthood, taught and lived the celestial law of marriage. They prepared themselves for the "earthly home . . . to become the celestial family of infinity."

These precious truths and precepts have become the family heritage of many Latter-day Saint families. These teachings, if carried into our homes and coupled with the other principles of the gospel, become the code by which our children should be reared.

WHEN we reflect on the home of our childhood and the part our mother played, these things come to mind: Mother was gentle, calm, and serene. She taught us to put first things first. She placed purely social activities in their proper position, never sacrificing children, Church, or home to them. The stranger was never turned from the door. The hungry were fed, and the naked were clothed (Mt. 25:35-36).

We all remember the Christmas and Thanksgiving baskets laden with food, which we, as children, took to the families who were less fortunate than we — the turkeys, chickens, potatoes, apples, and flour prepared and sent by mother to gladden the hearts and homes of many families.

We mothers of today may well pay homage to the great concourse of mothers who have played their roles well. They have brought forth boys and girls, men and women, statesmen, generals, and Church leaders who can look back on their mothers' training and say: "She was the signal light, the beacon. She stood at the crossroads and showed me the way to go."

Our beloved President David O. McKay has said:

> I emphasize the increasing power and influence of the Relief Society and of womankind in general, having one purpose in mind: *That increased attention be given and more intensified effort put forth to maintain and preserve the dignity of motherhood* (*The Relief Society Magazine*, December 1950, pp. 798-799).

His advice to Latter-day Saint women decries the practice of wives postponing, for worldly pleasure, lack of finances, or similar reasons, motherhood and the rearing of families. "Wifehood is glorious, but motherhood is sublime." President McKay admonishes mothers to "have more religion in your homes, teach the gospel and honor the Priesthood."

The late President George Albert Smith said of his mother:

> But my training was different. I was trained at the knee of a Latter-day Saint mother. One of the first things I can remember was when she took me by the hand and led me upstairs . . . I can remember it as if it were yesterday. She sat down by my little trundle bed and had me kneel in front of her. She folded my hands and took them in hers and taught me my first prayer. I will never forget it . . . . It is one of the loveliest memories I have in life, an angelic mother sitting down by my bedside and teaching me to pray . . . . That prayer opened for me the windows of heaven . . . . From that day until now, while I have covered approximately a million miles in the world, every day and every night wherever I have been when I have gone to my bed or arisen from it I have felt I was close to my Heavenly Father (Conference Address of President Smith, October 1946, quoted from *The Deseret News, Church Section*, October 12, 1946, pp. 12, 20).

The Prophet Joseph Smith's mother was quick to recognize that her son had been chosen of God as an instrument through whom his gospel was to be restored. She, his mother, expressed faith in him against all odds and persecution of the mobs. She was his constant and devoted champion. Her faith in him inspired his faith in himself at a time when the world was against him. Without his mother's unswerving faith, at a time when he so needed it, he would have felt much more keenly the opposition against him.

President Joseph F. Smith paid tribute to his mother's love for him:

> It was life to me; it was strength; it was encouragement; it was love that begat love or liking in myself . . . . When I was fifteen years of age, and called to go to a foreign country to preach the gospel —or to learn how, and to learn it for myself — the strongest anchor that was fixed in my life, and that helped to hold my ambition and my desire steady, to bring me upon a level and keep me straight, was the love which I knew she had for me who bore me into this world.
>
> Only a little boy, not matured at all in judgment, without the advantage of education, thrown in the midst of the greatest allurements and temptations that it was possible for any boy or man to be subjected to — and yet, whenever these temptations became most alluring and most tempting to me, the first thought that arose in my soul was this: Remember the love of your mother. Remember how she strove for your welfare. Remember how willing she was to sacrifice her life for your good. Remember what she taught you in your childhood . . . . This feeling toward my mother became a defense, a barrier between me and temptation . . . (*Gospel Doctrine*, chapter XVI, page 394).

WHEN the Prophet Joseph Smith "turned the key" in behalf of the women of the Church, he placed upon them great responsibilities as mothers in Zion. As the Relief Society is to the women of the Church, so is the mother to the home. It symbolizes woman's place in God's plan. When Joseph Smith thus spoke under divine guidance, he gave to us the plan of Jesus Christ for women, for mothers.

God placed on women in all ages the great and ennobling task of

motherhood. God's plan to give mortal bodies to his spirit children that they might progress along the paths of righteousness to exaltation, became dependent on mothers as co-workers with him.

Jesus, while on the cross in his hour of greatest trial, gave as one of his last considerations his concern for his mother.

Now there stood by the cross of Jesus his mother, and his mother's sister, Mary the wife of Cleophas, and Mary Magdalene. When Jesus therefore saw his mother, and the disciple standing by, whom he loved, he saith unto his mother, Woman, behold thy son! Then saith he to the disciple, Behold thy mother! And from that hour that disciple took her unto his own home (John 19:25-27).

In closing, may I again quote President McKay:

Motherhood is the one thing in all the world which most truly exemplifies the God-given virtues of creating and sacrificing . . . . the mother who, in compliance with eternal law, brings into the world an immortal spirit occupies first rank in the realm of creation (*Gospel Ideals*, page 456).

God gave mothers this great role. It now becomes a challenge to us to make of "this earthly home of destiny" one that might become a "celestial family of infinity."

First Friend

Christie Lund Coles

Over the red dirt road that lay between us
Day by day went our questing feet,
And all the things that are part of childhood
Made the world enchantingly sweet:

The river bed low in the lush, late summer,
The sandy shore where our feet ran, bare;
The marsh where the cattails were taller than we,
The first star like a drop on a chandelier;

The milkweed pods we robbed of treasure,
The feel of the down blown from the thistle;
The dusty road that led us homeward
The willowed lane, the high, dark trestle;

The high swing tied in the poplar's branches,
The breathless and ecstatic thrill
Of soaring into the purple twilight,
Into the sky above the hill;

First friend! First memories made to cherish,
Over the years with their passing gain,
Childhood and a world of wonder . . .
Not to be captured quite again.

Contest Announcements—1955

CONTESTS CLOSE AUGUST 15, 1955

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest and the Relief Society Short Story Contest are conducted annually by the general board of Relief Society to stimulate creative writing among Latter-day Saint women and to encourage high standards of work. Latter-day Saint women who qualify under the rules of the respective contests are invited to enter their work in either or both contests.

The general board would be pleased to receive entries from the outlying stakes and missions of the Church as well as from those in and near Utah. Since the two contests are entirely separate, requiring different writing skills, the winning of an award in one of them in no way precludes winning in the other. It is suggested that authors who plan to enter the contests study carefully the article on story writing which appears in this *Magazine*, the article on poetry writing to appear in June 1955, and also similar articles in the June issues for the last eight years.

It should be noted that the opening and closing dates of the contests are one month earlier this year.

Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest

THE Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1955. Prizes will be awarded as follows:

First prize $25
Second prize $20
Third prize $15

Prize poems will be published in the January 1956 issue of *The Relief Society Magazine* (the birth month of Eliza R. Snow).

Prize-winning poems become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other poems submitted, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular Magazine rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to all Latter-day Saint women, exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the Relief Society general board.

2. Only one poem may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The poem must not exceed fifty lines and should be typewritten, if possible; where this cannot be done, it should be legibly written. Only one side of the paper is to be used. (A duplicate copy of the poem should be retained by contestant to insure against loss.)

4. The sheet on which the poem is written is to be without signature or other identifying marks.

5. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the poem.

6. Each poem is to be accompanied by a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

7. *A signed statement is to accompany the poem submitted, certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of The Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the poem (state the title) is the contestant's original work.
c. That it has never been published.
d. That it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication.
e. That it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

8. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

9. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among judges, all poems selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the poems, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Message or theme
b. Form and pattern
c. Rhythm and meter
d. Accomplishment of the purpose of the poem
e. Climax

10. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1955.*

11. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Eliza R. Snow Poem Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

Relief Society Short Story Contest

THE Relief Society Short Story Contest for 1955 opens with this announcement and closes August 15, 1955.

The prizes this year will be as follows:

First prize $50
Second prize $40
Third prize $30

The three prize-winning stories will be published consecutively in the first three issues of *The Relief Society Magazine* for 1956. Prize-winning stories become the property of the Relief Society general board and may not be published by others except upon written permission from the general board. The general board reserves the right to publish any of the other stories entered in the contest, paying for them at the time of publication at the regular *Magazine* rates.

Rules for the contest:

1. This contest is open to Latter-day Saint women—exclusive of members of the Relief Society general board and employees of the general board—who have had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication.

2. Only one story may be submitted by each contestant.

3. The story must not exceed 3,000 words in length and must be typewritten. (A duplicate copy of the story should be retained by contestants to insure against loss.)

4. The contestant's name is not to appear anywhere on the manuscript, but a stamped envelope on which is written the contestant's name and address is to be enclosed with the story. Nom de plumes are not to be used.

5. *A signed statement is to accompany the story submitted certifying:*

a. That the author is a member of *The* Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.
b. That the author has had at least one literary composition published or accepted for publication. (This state-

ment must give name and date of publication in which the contestant's work has appeared, or, if not yet published, evidence of acceptance for publication.)

c. That the story submitted (state the title and number of words) is the contestant's original work.

d. That it has never been published, that it is not in the hands of an editor or other person with a view to publication, and that it will not be published nor submitted elsewhere for publication until the contest is decided.

6. No explanatory material or picture is to accompany the story.

7. A writer who has received the first prize for two consecutive years must wait for two years before she is again eligible to enter the contest.

8. The judges shall consist of one member of the general board, one person from the English department of an educational institution, and one person who is a recognized writer. In case of complete disagreement among the judges, all stories selected for a place by the various judges will be submitted to a specially selected committee for final decision.

In evaluating the stories, consideration will be given to the following points:

a. Characters and their presentation

b. Plot development

c. Message of the story

d. Writing style

9. *Entries must be postmarked not later than August 15, 1955.*

10. All entries are to be addressed to Relief Society Short Story Contest, 40 North Main, Salt Lake City 1, Utah.

The Lifted Wall

Dorothy J. Roberts

Through the lens of a tear the world may tremble, quake,
Become distorted, unproportionate;
Splintered by the swollen waters of your grief,
Rinsed in your sorrow, yet soon will steel
Twisted in the flood, repair; the road
Be mended over fields you walked before.
With no drill's stutter nor tractor's throb,
All shall be restored from the sabotage.
A thousand facets of the earth must break
And reassemble for new vision's sake.

Your eyes alone have seen the town which fell
In trembling segments through the wavering air;
The bright land stricken, the shattered waste.
Remember, to others, the world is still the same,
The rooftops adamant against the sky
In the same rectangular horizon line.
Only for eyes that watched the ramparts fall
Shall a new grace be mitered in each lifted wall.

On Writing the Short Story*

Pansye H. Powell

THERE is very little new to be said in regard to how to write the short story; just about everything has been said over and over again. But there is one important thing that can never be said too often, and that is the principal message of this article: *Welcome advice and criticism!*

How can we convince would-be writers of the necessity for taking constructive criticism to heart? No one can answer that question, but it is a well-known fact that few writers become successful, even in a small way, without having learned to be objectively critical of their own work and without learning from others. Much that is profitable can come from the experiences others have had. Beginning writers must take their feelings off their sleeves, open their minds, look at their own work with clear eyes unclouded by pride and self-delusion, and realize that they have much to learn, and that there are more efficient ways to learn it than by the trial-and-error method. They must become objective toward their own work; if criticism seems applicable and remedial, they should accept it and put it to work.

Good material should not be mistaken for a good story. That incident that happened at the fair last summer makes an interesting anecdote for conversation—but is it a story? Not unless it has within it a conflict of two opposing forces; otherwise it is only the nucleus around which a story could be built—the story is the conflict and its resolution.

The new writer does wisely to build his story around a wholesome, normal situation. He should believe in his story and feel its importance himself—otherwise it will be ineffective because it is insincere. He should not be disturbed because his plots seem hackneyed; there are only so many basic plots, and they have all been used countless times. It is the individual writer's talent that takes the timeworn situations and brings them forth in fresh, new raiment, attractive to the reader.

A good plot should be simple. Leave complicated plots to the novel. It should be plausible; a convincing plot has growth, developing logically toward the point at which the problem is solved or the conflict is ended. Mere chance or accident should not work out a plot. A character (or characters) should solve the problem in a believable manner. What is done must seem the logical thing for this particular person to do under these particular circumstances.

Whatever the plot, a story needs an underlying theme. The writer should be able to say to himself, for instance: "The basic idea of this story is that the old and the young do have a common meeting ground." Or "A man's duty to humanity at large may, at times, supercede his duty to his own immediate family." Or "Simple neighborliness is one of the most satisfying of

*A helpful article on poetry writing will appear in the June *Magazine*.

human sentiments." Having determined the basic idea, the writer then deliberately avoids overt preaching of the idea. His skill lies in influencing the reader subtly through incident, conversation, and characterization to realize the idea, without deliberate indoctrination.

THE beginning of a story, the first 150 words, should introduce the reader to the principal character and indicate the problem involved. It should stir the reader to react emotionally. In other words, the opening lines should be vital enough to attract and retain interest. They should establish the reader in a way of thinking and feeling. From the first word, the story should move in one direction; nothing extraneous should be permitted to intrude. If the writer finds he has introduced foreign material, he must ruthlessly cut it from his copy, realizing that he will have a better story without it. Even the appearance of the opening lines on the page is important. A compact, solid paragraph of twenty lines is not as attractive to the reader as short paragraphs, interspersed with dialogue.

One successful writer always begins his stories with movement, preferably of a human being. "A small, barefoot boy was walking slowly through the dust of a back-country lane." "The old man sitting on the wooden bench before the general store in Walters Corners, slowly lifted a gnarled hand to shade his eyes as he squinted down the pavement toward the oncoming automobile." Movement takes the reader along with it, and the story is off to a good start.

Characters are more likely to talk and move naturally in a story if the writer has in mind real people he has known; places are more believable if the writer uses locations with which he is familiar. The writer feels more secure of his ground, too, and can pay more attention to other details, if he knows his people and his places are authentic.

Dialogue is an important part of any story. Like action, it should be the reasonable expression of the character being presented. Most short story critics recommend that writers read plays to note the economy of words with which exposition and necessary explanations are given. Plays by Shaw, Barrie, and Milne are particularly recommended for this. Anyone who is interested in writing should be always aware of voices, and what they are saying, and be alert to catch unusual or characteristic phraseology.

A short story should cover a short period of time. It should move forward rapidly. Beginners can use no better advice than that of the King in *Alice in Wonderland*: "Begin at the beginning, go to the end, and then stop." This is the path with the fewest pitfalls. Simple, straightforward narrative with lively dialogue, suspense, and plausible characters, plus a plot which involves the working out of a problem by one or more characters, equals one creditable (and credible) short story.

The best stories give the reader ample opportunity to live in the story. The more a reader is permitted to experience vicariously through sensory impressions, the more effective the story will be.

The world contains many people whose friends have told them that

they ought to write, but such people are not writing. What is wrong? They have not realized that one learns to write by writing, not by looking and acting literary. No one ever became a writer by sitting around talking about being one. Writing is a lonely occupation, and no one can write who is unwilling to isolate himself, at times, from human companionship and apply pen to paper.

HERE are some hints to help those who seriously wish to write:

Read widely in good literature.

Think consecutively. Force yourself to think logically, if your mind tends to wander haphazardly. This sounds easy, perhaps, but it is the most difficult trait for a writer to acquire.

Discuss short story techniques, human nature, world affairs—anything and everything. Let your mind be receptive to new ideas.

Observe people, nature, buildings, voices, speeches, everything around you.

Keep notes. Have a notebook with you always. Jot down plot ideas, bits of clever dialogue, figures of speech that come to mind, anything that you wish to retain.

Form the dictionary habit.

Be alert for experience. Develop the inquiring mind.

Study yourself — where you may find firsthand information on why people do as they do.

Develop work habits that are right for you. No two people work in the same way, at the same hours, under the same conditions. Find out what is best for you and sit down to work. Sometimes you will be surprised what you can do, if you assume the position of writing.

Last, what about marketing your stories when they are written? If you plan to write for a specific publication, the best plan is to make yourself familiar with the magazine. Study several recent issues of the publication to see the general tone and favorite length of story used. Stories too similar to those lately published are as likely to prove unacceptable as those which are too different in general tone.

Timeliness is an important element. All timely, seasonable, or occasional material should be sent in from four to six months ahead of the time it is expected to appear.

A carefully selected title helps sell a story. The title should be attractive, short, specific, fresh, and provocative of interest.

Manuscripts should be typed double spaced, with margins on all sides, the widest on the left. Careful preparation of the manuscript is important. A story full of blots and corrections has one count against it at the start. When entering a story in a contest, be sure to observe all the rules carefully.

Keep a carbon copy of all stories sent out, and a careful record of where, when, and how you send and receive back your short stories.

The following books are suggested as helpful on the subject of writing the short story:

GARRISON, ROGER H.: *A Guide to Creative Writing*, Henry Holt and Company, New York, 1951, $2.95.

GUNNING, ROBERT: *The Technique of Clear Writing*, McGraw-Hill Book Company, Inc., New York, 1952, $3.50.

MUNSON, GORHAM B.: *The Writer's Workshop Companion*, Farrar, Strauss, and Young, New York, 1951, $3.00.

SMITH, ROBERT MILLER: *Writing Fiction*, The World Publishing Company, Cleveland and New York, 1952, $3.50.

WIDDEMER, MARGARET: *Basic Principles of Fiction Writing*, The Writer, Inc., Boston, 1953, $3.00.

Ward Linton

APRICOT BLOSSOMS

Between the Bud and the Fruit

Alberta H. Christensen

Save space for these on your agenda, Spring,
Though duties brim the lilac-scented days;
One quiet moment of remembering
The frozen twig, the bleak retreating snow;
Then one recess from duty to appraise
The orchard branches, brought to sudden bloom—
White and ethereal as a wedding veil.
This interlude between the bud and fruit
Holds a white beauty to the snow denied.
How brief the interval to mean so much!
Clusters of promise; velvet to the touch!

Forever Orchid

Frances C. Yost

MAY reigned as queen, with dandelions spreading a carpet everywhere. The air, fresh and invigorating, was heavily scented with lilacs while late blooming tulips and early blooming peonies mingled their brilliance with the blossoming snowballs. The month of May reigned in all her glory, and tomorrow would be Mother's Day.

Ora Mathews was busy cleaning her big house. It must shine from basement to attic for the children were coming home . . . all except Julie. Ora thought of her family of grown children. She was proud of all of them. They were good citizens. They were all making a place for themselves in their Church and community. They were all practical and thrifty . . . except Julie.

Ora's brow knit in a little frown, thinking of Julie's extravagance. The other children said she had spoiled Julie, being the baby of the family. Well, Ora thought, maybe she had. At least somewhere along the line she certainly had failed to plant the seed of thrift. " 'Easy come, easy go,' is the motto Julie lives by," Ora said. "Why it costs more for Julie to go to college one month than the others spent in two."

"Julie needs to learn a lesson in thrift. That's why I wrote that letter," she continued, above the whir of the vacuum cleaner. Ora Mathews was alone, she could give vent to her feelings. "I thought the letter might teach her to be a little more careful with her money."

Ora recalled the exact wording of the letter she had written two weeks before:

> Darling daughter Julie: With college expenses like they are, perhaps it would be best if you did not spend bus fare to come home for Mother's Day. School will be out in less than a month, and you will be home for the summer, then every day will be mother's day for me. Remember Julie, make your money count. You must learn to be practical and thrifty.
>
> Your older brothers and sisters will be here to stay overnight. So we will have a houseful the eve of Mother's Day, but they will all be leaving before dinner as they have promised to have dinner at the homes of their mothers-in-law. So . . . Daddy and I will be sitting down to dinner alone on Mother's Day, but we will be thinking of you.
>
> Lovingly, Mother

Ora wished now she hadn't written saying not to come home. Steve had said to send money for Julie to come, but Steve was like Julie, he lacked a sense of thrift. "I'd be tempted to wire her money to come home today, but she must learn a lesson in thrift, even if it hurts me more than it does her."

Ora turned off the vacuum and went to the cleaning closet to get the duster. In the kitchen she noticed the bread rising over the pan. She washed her hands thoroughly and began kneading the bread down.

"Ding, ding," the doorbell chimed.

"Either the door or the phone rings every time I get my hands in the dough," Ora grumbled. She rinsed her hands, grabbed the hand towel, and hurried toward the door.

"Ding, ding," the doorbell called again.

"I'm coming!" Ora answered it, wiping her hands as she opened the door.

"Special delivery for Mrs. Steve Mathews," said the service boy. Then, with a twinkle of his brown eyes, he added. "It's flowers," and held out a white carton tied and bowed with lavender ribbon.

"But I didn't order any flowers!" Ora Mathews stammered.

"They're for you!" The boy's smile grew larger. He seemed to be enjoying the surprise. "Tomorrow's Mother's Day."

With trembling fingers Ora Mathews signed the delivery slip, and stood at the door watching the boy drive away.

ORA closed the door, dropped into the hall chair, wiped her perspiring hands on her apron, and took the ribbon from the box. Inside, enclosed in green oiled paper, and resting on a bed of soft fern, was a fresh, lovely orchid corsage.

"Queen of all flowers, and the most expensive," Ora murmured. She knew Steve had not sent the flowers. Steve had never given her flowers. He had wanted to once, and she insisted on something practical.

Ora closed her eyes, and instantly the image of Steve on their wedding day was projected on her mind . . . .

"But Ora, darling, I want to buy a dozen roses for you. I want to show you how very much I love you." Steve's voice was pleading.

"Silly, a dozen roses will just wilt. You're not made of money. Buy me a cookerpot that I can use for a long time," practical Ora insisted.

Steve bought the cookerpot. Since then he had lavished her with presents, all of them practical. Ora had planted the same practical seed of thrift in all of her children . . . all except Julie.

She picked up the tiny scented envelope and withdrew the card. She recognized the familiar scribbly penmanship. Each little curlycue of Julie's handwriting seemed like her own little smile. Ora read the card aloud: "To Mom, with love from Julie."

For a moment Ora's heart was touched. She wiped a moistened eye with the corner of her apron. But when she was able to speak it was the practical part of herself that reigned. "That girl! Here her father and I are skimping along, trying to make ends meet to keep her in college, and she lets money run through her fingers like water through a sieve.

"Well, I'd better get back to my breadmaking, or I won't have the rolls done when the children arrive. They do love Mom's fresh homemade bread." Ora covered the orchid with the green oiled paper and found room for the box in the refrigerator. She went back to her bread mixing, but she couldn't forget Julie's extravagance in sending a fresh orchid to her.

"If I had that girl here now, I'd give her a paddling." Ora gave the bread a full-handed spank, spread some shortening over the top, and covered it with a clean tea towel.

It was hard now for Ora to resume her housecleaning as she had done before the orchid came. She kept stopping in the middle of a task to peek into the refrigerator for a glance at the orchid. "The petals are soft, like velvet to the touch, and the gold heart of it . . . ." She stopped her sentence, for a lump came up in her throat.

Ora put fresh linen on all the beds in the upstairs bedrooms. As she worked, she wished she hadn't written that letter to Julie. "Practical and thrifty, and preachy, that's what I am," Ora chided herself, "and I'd much rather have my Julie home than have an orchid."

It was the practical, thrifty Ora, that met Steve Mathews at the door at six P.M. "Steve, come see what that rascal Julie sent me." Ora carefully opened the box and displayed the fragile orchid in its green, lacy bed.

"An orchid for Ora," Steve's voice was jubilant. "Good for Julie. Pretty thing, isn't it?"

Ora studied Steve's face while he bent over the orchid. There was a smile playing on his mouth. He was definitely pleased with Julie's present. Ora remembered again the dozen roses he had wanted to give her on their wedding day. They had never mentioned the rose incident in all of their married lives, and she wouldn't bring it up now. It was the practical Ora who finally broke the silence.

"Steve, what are we going to do with that girl, spending your hard-earned money for . . . for flowers? Why, the idea just burns me up!" Ora expostulated.

"But we didn't send her extra money for the orchid, Mother." Steve's voice registered understanding. "She bought it out of her own allowance. Why, she probably made some very dear sacrifices to buy it," Steve reasoned.

"But, Steve, such an expensive flower! Of course I can't wear it. What would people think at such extravagance?" Ora remonstrated.

"They would think you have a lovely, generous daughter, and you have," Steve replied.

"But, Steve, you know as well as I do, that only people like Mrs. Montrose can afford orchids. I just won't wear it to the Mother's Day program." Ora's voice reached crescendo heights.

"You'll wear it, Ora. You'll wear it tomorrow to the Mother's Day program," Steve said, quietly, but firmly.

THE eve of Mother's Day arrived, and with it Steve's and Ora's children and their many grandchildren, each with a gift for Ora. Early on Mother's Day there were nylons, and service-weight hose, aprons, a cooking thermometer, yardage for a house dress, tablecloth and napkins, even a clothes hamper. Ora looked around at her children. They were good children, they saw the things she needed, they were practical and thrifty, as she had reared them. Their array of presents proved their thriftiness.

The morning found Ora busy with so many extra for breakfast, then, all too soon, they were gathering their children in their cars and waving goodbye. Ora hurried to her room to dress for Sunday School. She started slipping into her dusty brown dress, which had been her

standby most of the winter, when Steve came into the bedroom.

"Wear that pretty gray dress, Mother, the one you bought for Martha's wedding," Steve suggested. He watched Ora go to the wardrobe, then he left the room.

Ora unzippered her garment bag, and there was the lovely Bemberg sheer. Funny, she had forgotten she had it. The dress gave inspiration for a new hair do. Ora combed her soft waves up from her neck. The slight wings of gray about her face, seemed to lend a softness to her skin. "Mrs. Montrose wears her hair sort of like this," Ora murmured to her reflection in the mirror.

When she was ready, Steve entered the room, this time carrying the box with the orchid. "Since Julie isn't here to do the honors herself, I'll pin the orchid on for her," Steve spoke in his gentle, kindly way. Ora knew there was no slipping away without it.

ORA felt conspicuous as she entered the chapel. She was too much the practical type to be wearing a corsage. If she could just have tucked herself into her gray shorty, and hid the orchid under the coat, but that would have crushed it. So she had chosen to come coatless, and now the orchid protruded so. It seemed that everyone was watching her.

The Aaronic Priesthood boys were acting as ushers today. One lad, his face a cleaned, scrubbed tan, escorted Ora to her seat. Mrs. Montrose sat on her left. Ora smiled at her and murmured good morning, but Mrs. Montrose saw only the orchid. Ora wished now that Steve had pinned the orchid on the other shoulder, away from Mrs. Montrose's steady gaze.

Ora noticed that Mrs. Montrose wasn't wearing a corsage, but as she looked about her she saw several mothers with gay corsages. Myrtle Smith had a dainty little violet cluster. Susan Moore had a corsage of rosebuds. Several mothers were wearing gardenias, but she could see no orchids except hers. She felt the eyes of everyone upon her. How she wished the orchid were tucked safely away on its bed of fern in her refrigerator!

The program advanced from congregational singing of "Oh, I Had Such a Pretty Dream, Mamma," to a vocal duet of "You Are a Wonderful Mother," and a solo, "Mother Mine." Ora heard the kindergarten class reciting: "M . . . is for the million things she gave me. O . . . is only that she's growing old. T . . . is for the tears she shed to save me." Ora didn't hear any more. Her mind wandered back to Mother's Day when Julie was tiny and she was reciting verses on Mother's Day.

Ora returned from her daydreaming with a start. What was the superintendent saying?

"Sister Mathews' Sunday School class will sing, 'You are a Lovely Lady.' "

Startled, Ora remembered that she was to accompany them on the piano. She excused herself as she passed in front of Mrs. Montrose. At the piano, Ora felt all the eyes of the congregation on the orchid she was wearing. She was glad she knew the notes well, for tears were blinding her vision.

Remembering the big smile Julie

always wore, she managed to smile and touch the right keys, as the children's voices blended in melody:

You are a lovely lady, your life has proved this true.
You have known joy and sorrow, you have come proudly through.
Please tell us now your secret, do you greet the day with a song?
Thank you for sharing this hour, we shall remember it long.

The song was finished, a sigh spread over the congregation. Ora knew the children had never sung the song so well. She saw her empty seat through misty eyes, and excused herself as she passed in front of Mrs. Montrose. As she bent over, the orchid brushed within inches of Mrs. Montrose's face. Ora heard herself murmur, "Pardon me." She settled in her seat for the remainder of the program, after which tiny books of poetry were given to each mother present, and the meeting was dismissed.

No sooner was the benediction pronounced than Mrs. Montrose turned to Ora. "I've wanted to tell you all through the meeting, how beautiful you look. Why, you're the envy of all the mothers today, Ora Mathews. I'd give anything if my family would give me flowers on Mother's Day. Even roses in a vase, or violets in a saucer, but they don't. They give me gloves, and I have a drawer full of gloves. They give me nylons, and I have enough to tie around the earth. They give me everything that is practical and usable, but nothing to feed my soul with beauty. I wish my family would give me flowers occasionally. I'd love to have an orchid like yours, just once."

ORA murmured "Thank you," though she felt Mrs. Montrose was being more tactful than honest. Then she found herself surrounded by her Sunday School class. She was glad of their attention, for she wanted no more mothers hovering around making flattering remarks about the orchid she was wearing. It was hard to control her tears today as she pondered over all the events of the past two days.

The throng had thinned out. Ora decided to wait at the chapel for Steve's Priesthood meeting to let out. They would go home together. Other mothers would have their children about them as they left the chapel. Ora thought of her big, empty house, and she and Steve alone in it. If only she had sent money for Julie to come home, as Steve had suggested, instead of writing that practical letter. Well, she might as well wait outside in the sunshine for Steve.

Ora felt faint and unsteady as she made her way down the steps from the chapel. She was quite alone. She stepped out into the bright May sunshine. She felt smothered in her own despair, until she saw Julie tripping lightly down the sidewalk.

Seeing her mother on the steps of the chapel, Julie called: "Mother! Mother! I'm home!" Julie had arrived joyously, the way she lived, full of silver mercury about everything. Joy and sunshine were so much a part of Julie.

"Julie, Julie, my darling, you came!" Ora's voice changed key in the middle of the sentence. "I'm so glad."

"I couldn't stay away on Mother's Day, Mommie." Julie looked at her

mother and smiled, and Ora knew this one was the nicest smile she had shown.

"Mommie, I disregarded the first paragraph in your letter about being practical right after I read the second paragraph about all the others going to see their mothers-in-law, and leaving you and daddy alone all day," Julie explained.

Ora felt a rich emotional content coursing through her veins. She held Julie at arm's length. "But you look so thin, darling."

Julie was slender, her large, soft childish mouth curved up at the corners when she laughed, and she always laughed. Her light brown eyes had flecks of black in them, and her dark soft hair, like a halo of short curls, glistened in the sunshine. Ora took inventory of her daughter, her slender arms, the smooth graceful contour of her hips and legs.

"But you look so thin, Julie," Ora repeated.

"I'll fill out, with some of your good cooking. I'm awfully hungry, Mom. I . . . I haven't had any lunches for three weeks. You see . . . ." Julie stopped short, and tears filled her eyes. She hadn't meant to blurt out about the cost of the orchid. "I had to buy some things, and I was saving to come home to see you today."

ORA remembered how Steve had tried to tell her that living and college expenses were higher than when the other children had gone to school. Perhaps she had been too frugal.

"You went without your lunches, Julie, honey, to buy this orchid for me?" Ora spoke tenderly. Love opened like a water lily in her heart. Suddenly Ora realized that it was she, not Julie who had her values mixed. It was she who was practical and thrifty about the wrong things. Julie, with her orchid, and Steve, with the roses on their wedding day, were the ones who had true values.

"I should have sent money for you to come home," Ora tried to explain. "Daddy, told me to, but I . . . I thought . . . ."

"But I had to do it, Mommie," Julie interrupted, "I had to sacrifice for you. You've sacrificed for me for nineteen whole years."

Ora knew then that Julie had invested in the most worthwhile qualities of the heart, the mind, and spirit. She looked down at the lovely orchid. She saw the beauty of love and sacrifice in its petals, which Steve had seen all the time. She knew now what Mrs. Montrose meant—and that she had the right sense of values. The soft lavender petals of that orchid spoke of love. Why shouldn't she be the proudest mother in town to have a lovely daughter beside her, who loved her, and had sacrificed to prove it?

The orchid would still be fresh and pretty for evening services. Ora knew that she would wear it, as she should have worn it this morning . . . like a queen. Why, if she kept it wrapped in the oiled paper, in the refrigerator, it would even be fresh for Relief Society on Tuesday, and she could look at it and enjoy it for many days. And then, she would press it, in the family Bible . . . and later frame it. It would always be fresh and lovely in her memory. Why, this orchid would last forever!

Sixty Years Ago

Excerpts from the *Woman's Exponent*, May 1, and May 15, 1895

"For the Rights of the Women of Zion and the Rights of the Women of All Nations"

TYPES OF WOMEN: The women of the Republic are the direct heritors of the women of the Revolution. All talk of a new woman is a mere fable. There is no new woman . . . . the woman who sang the paeons of the Exodus; the woman who spins among her maidens while Ulysses roams the seas; the woman who proves to her Roman neighbors the redeeming power of Christianity . . . . the woman who launched the bark of Columbus; the woman kneeling on the bleak shores of Plymouth; the woman who made the homespun suit for the inaugural of her husband as first President of the Republic . . . . Blessed womanhood of the world . . . . Behold the women of the Revolution! They roll the logs beside their husbands to build the rude cabins; they sow, they reap, they card and spin and make the garments of the household; they rear rosy sons and daughters; they teach them the Sermon on the Mount—reverence for holy things, respect for authority; courage, reliance, self-control . . . .

—Kate Brownlee Sherwood

A WORD FROM CASTLE DALE (UTAH): My thoughts go back to the time when I first came to this valley, how desolate and barren it looked. I stood on the bank of the creek, and looking around saw nothing but the naked hills and the ground all covered with sage brush and prickly pears, not a tree, except a few cottonwoods along the creek and a hut or a dugout here and there to shelter the few people that had come here to make their home; we heard no birds sing, except the song from the owl and you know that is not a very pleasing one, but through the blessings of the Lord and much hard labor in which many of the sisters have had a goodly share, the land has produced in its strength for our need . . . .

—Caroline A. Larsen

MY GARDEN

. . . And everything seemed to say, "Come out,
Leave your window Easter lilies,
Come out in the hills and see what waits
Where each crystal, rippling rill is,
Come take us cowslips out of the damp
And the ferns from out the shadows,
Wee violets and sweet buttercups
From out the spreading meadows . . . .

—Augusta Joyce Crocheron

RELIEF SOCIETY CONFERENCE AT BRIGHAM CITY (UTAH): President Olivia Widebourg said: My heart is so full of gratitude to our Heavenly Father for his kindness to all of us, and for that portion of the Spirit we enjoy today. If you want to be the guardian angel of your homes, even if you are wronged, do your duty; our work is to relieve sorrow, suffering, and the needy, and it is a work of peace . . . .

—Emilia D. Madsen, Cor. Sec.

HYGIENE AND PHYSIOLOGY: Sister Hannah Sorensen has just started one of her classes here in the city . . . . the special subjects treated upon are Hygiene, Physiology of Women, and Obstetrics . . . . The object of these classes is to assist woman in learning her true mission in life and to be more willing to fill it . . . .

—Selected

Woman's Sphere

Ramona W. Cannon

JANE DELANO, who was honored during the March Red Cross drive, is sometimes called the Florence Nightingale of the Red Cross. She headed the first Red Cross Nurses organization and built up a large reserve group, carefully checking each woman's qualifications. The Government gratefully used these nurses during World War I, when Miss Delano herself went overseas, working, organizing, and strengthening the organization. She also organized the Red Cross Public Health Nursing Program, later taken over and still operated by the Government.

SENATOR MARGARET CHASE SMITH and Representative Frances Bolton have introduced resolutions in Congress asking that the rose be made America's national flower.

DR. LILLIE ROSE MINOKA-HILL (1876-1952) was honored last Memorial Day by the dedication of a granite monument near her former home in Oneida, Wisconsin. Both Indians and whites, including Catholics, Episcopalians, and Methodists all participated, representative of those for whom she had cared. A Mohawk orphan, reared by Quakers, she became a physician. When she was widowed and left to support five children, she returned to medical practice. Her charity cases far exceeded her paid practice. At seventy-two she was especially honored at Atlantic City by the American Medical Association. In 1947 she was voted "Indian of the Year" by the intertribal council.

MARIA PIA, twenty, daughter of exiled King Umberto of Italy, was recently married in Portugal to Prince Alexander, thirty, son of Jugoslavia's former Prince Regent Paul.

IN Texas, a Constitutional Amendment, in November, gave women for the first time the right and responsibility to serve on juries, so that they are no longer "half-citizens." An attractive, intelligent-looking, all-woman jury was immediately chosen.

BIRTHDAY congratulations are extended to Mrs. Dessie Newman Middleton, ninety-seven, Los Angeles, California; Mrs. Ursula Bandley Gee, Provo, Utah, ninety-seven; Mrs. Janet Wade, Glendale, California, ninety-six; Mrs. Josephine Hansen, Logan, Utah, and Mrs. Amy Kuester, Grand Island, Nebraska, ninety-three; Mrs. Margaret King Walpole, Salt Lake City, Utah, ninety-one; Mrs. Elizabeth Ann Moffat Froerer, Ogden, Utah, ninety-one; and Mrs. Anna Jargena Christina Madsen Heder, ninety-one, Mesa, Arizona.

EDITORIAL

VOL. 42 MAY 1955 NO. 5

A Word of Appreciation

TWO small brothers were given books. One raised a cheery face and called, "Thank you," the other one took the book silently and moved away. Perhaps the second child was appreciative, but the donor was left unaware of his feelings. These children had received the same home training, but the natural, individual dispositions of children in a family require different emphasis in the training. It seems natural and easy for some people to express their appreciation while others remain silent, whether because of shyness, diffidence, or ungratefulness is not evident. Some may have the impulse to express thanks but before the expression becomes a reality, other immediate duties push it aside stillborn.

Yet an expression of appreciation is welcomed by everyone. No matter what one's worldly wealth, opportunities, and advantages, he will always welcome a sincere word of appreciation. Everyone needs to be built up and encouraged, for each person has moments of self-doubt and despondency, whose frequency depends upon changing factors. One may deliver a speech, or give a demonstration, after many hours of preparation. How disheartening if none commends the effort. Some in the audience may feel that the speaker has been in the public eye so long and been recognized for so many years, that he would not wish to be congratulated. Nothing could be farther from the truth, for great people are simple people and subject to the same feelings as the rest of humanity. If it seems out of place to go forward and express appreciation, or if there is no opportunity then, there is always the tomorrow when one may phone or write.

There is recalled a friendship between two men which began many years ago. It started by one writing to commend the other on a stand which he had taken on a public issue, unpopular at the time. For some years their only contacts were by further letters, as the one followed with admiration the activities of the second, from afar. The appreciative comments were encouraging to the public servant, and the contacts ripened into a personal friendship over the years.

A mother in the home needs encouragement. Her heavy duties, albeit a joy to her, become monotonous. It is told how one mother, yearning for a word of appreciation in return for three well-cooked meals a day, finally served her family salad bowls filled with fresh grass clippings. In response to their consternation, she replied that she had decided they didn't know what they were eating, as they never said a word, but just ate and left. Thereafter that mother was showed appreciation in words. One husband who was told of this incident, since then comments "good grass" at the end of a particularly good meal.

While some men seem embarrassed to express appreciation in words, a wife is grateful for appreciation however it may be expressed.

Recently a father was uplifted by being told that his daughter had said he was wonderful and very special. That remark was precious to him, for so often children do not express appreciation, although they may feel it deeply. A word of love and appreciation from a child to a mother will cause her heart to sing. Likewise, a mother should express love and appreciation to her children and not confine herself to words of correction, as is too often the case. In times of discouragement, children recall words of praise and are given a desire to do better.

Latter-day Saint women receive a great training in unselfishness and independence just being the wives of husbands who obey the call to service in the Church. Likewise, a husband manifests unselfish devotion to his family when he encourages his wife to accept a call to Church service which may take her away from him and their children at times. The appreciation of one for the other is a requisite.

One should never fail to express appreciation to the great General Authorities, the physicians of souls. They have poured out to them daily the sorrows and unrighteous conduct of others to heal and to bind up, for Church members look upon their leaders as belonging to them —as their own. The appreciation of all Church members to them should be repeatedly expressed, and actions should support their words of appreciation.

If Christ himself had to ask, "Where are the nine?" certainly each person would do well to remind himself constantly of the need to express appreciation to his fellow men and to his God.

—M. C. S.

Legacy

(Proverbs 6:6-10)

Elsie McKinnon Strachan [*]

This proverb I would leave to you my son:
"Go to the ant . . . consider her ways, and be wise."
No overseer, guide, or ruling one
Dictates her quitting time, her hour to rise.
No master sends her forth up dawn's chill path
Where shadows linger still and sleep prevails;
Nor is it fear of dictatorial wrath
That speeds her questing feet down alien trails.
". . . A little folding of the hands . . ." is good
For contemplation—when the crops are in,
When hearth fires feed from mountain-stacks of wood,
When lofts are full and wheat spills from the bin—
But be not too content to slumber now,
Life's harvest follows first the early plow!

PLATE A—"THE FLOWER GARDEN"

Designing Original Applique and Block Quilts

Velma MacKay Paul

DESIGNING one's own quilts gives the greatest joy of all. My first attempt (Plate A), called the "Flower Garden," was made about twenty years ago, when I saw for the first time an early Pennsylvania Bride's Quilt with no two patches alike. I resolved to make one. With no patterns to guide me, and no quilt to copy from, I made circles with plates, smaller ones around saucers, drew grapes, flowers, etc., until I arrived at something I liked. I cut geometric designs by folding papers in fourths and eighths and cutting crescents, squares, or scallops. When unfolded, some of them were lovely. I cut out various flowers and leaves, and when I had a few patterns I

liked, I proceeded to cut them out of materials. New ideas popped up as I progressed, and, when twenty-five were completed, I arranged and rearranged until the quilt shown was decided upon. In addition to the quilting of the background, each leaf, flower, and stem is outlined to make it stand out. Quilting should never cover any part of an applique motif.

With twenty-five original patterns, I realized I had the possibility of twenty-five quilts and began experimenting. Taking first the grape pattern (second from the left on the top row of the bride's quilt), I made some patterns on paper and laid them block to block. This resulted in the quilt shown in Plate B.

Plate C, called "My Favorite Quilt," is a combination of several patterns. I knew I would never in this world have time to work them all into real quilts, so I arrived at an easier solution. I drew fifty different designs on a paper marked off in squares of one and one-half inches, putting a different pattern in each square. I then cut a stencil and had fifty copies mimeographed. The squares were then cut apart and each pattern placed with those of its kind in a separate box. The idea was to combine different patterns or to try all of one kind together as I had with the grape design. When I found one I liked, I pasted the

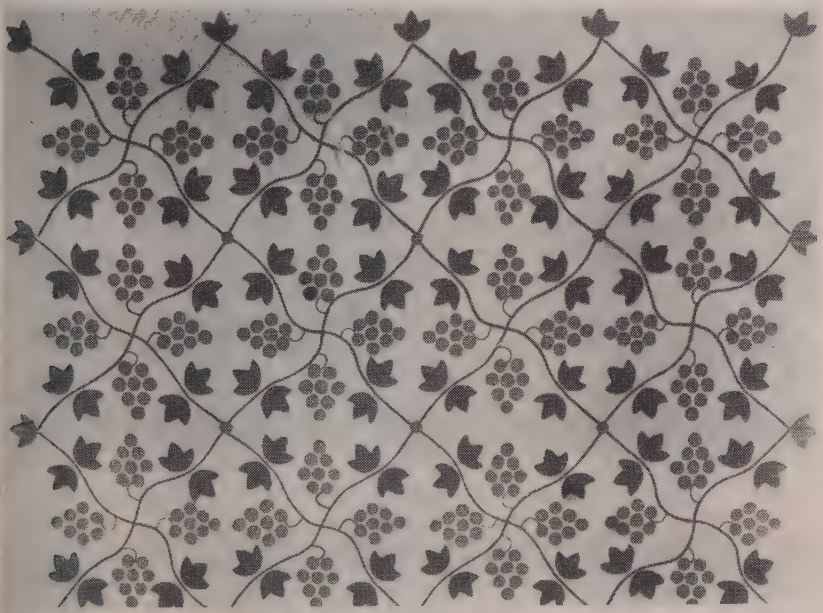


PLATE B—GRAPE DESIGN.

Illustration shows three-fifths of quilt.

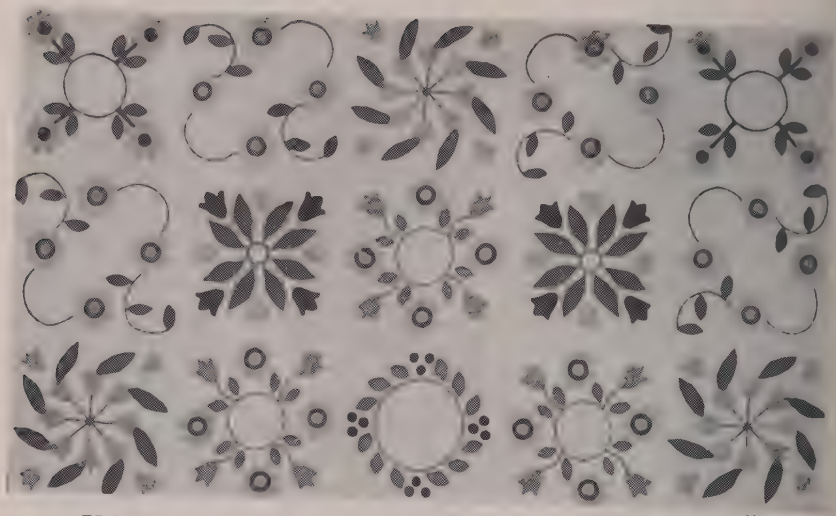


PLATE C—"MY FAVORITE QUILT" (Three-fifths of quilt shown)

PLATE D—BIRD AND WREATH BRIDE'S QUILT (Three-fifths of quilt shown)

The center block shows the double headed dove, the dove for peace, the heart, the goodness of mankind. The joined doves symbolize their union with peace and love in their hearts. The conventionalized birds, always looking backwards in the row above speak in this region's lore of the resurrection and eternal life. In this same block, the three tulips coming from one stem represent the Holy Trinity. The border blocks are alternately a conventionalized pomegranate, denoting fertility, promising a home with children, and the Dutch rose symbolizing health; and the oak leaf, denoting strength.

copies on a sheet of paper; so—on paper—I made up about twenty-five quilts in one afternoon. Later on, with water colors, I filled in greens, blues, yellows, etc. It is a fascinating thing to do, even if a real quilt does not result.

The Bird and Wreath Quilt (Plate D) I designed and made for a lovely bride and put into the designs my wishes for the young couple, based on the lore of the Pennsylvania Dutch country in which we live. It is entirely appliqued.

Plate E shows the Tulip and Rose Quilt made for another daughter-in-law. Since it is now three thousand miles from here, I can show only the detail of it, which I used for a bolster. Only two patterns were used, alternately, on the quilt. There are twenty-five eighteen-inch squares. It has a dust ruffle one yard deep with a continuous appliqued border of leaves and vine running around the entire bottom. Its fullness gives it a graceful swaying appearance.

With all applique quilts, I make bolsters or pillowcases to match, and twice I have made matching tops for dressing tables. These, too, are quilted and fitted under a glass plate.

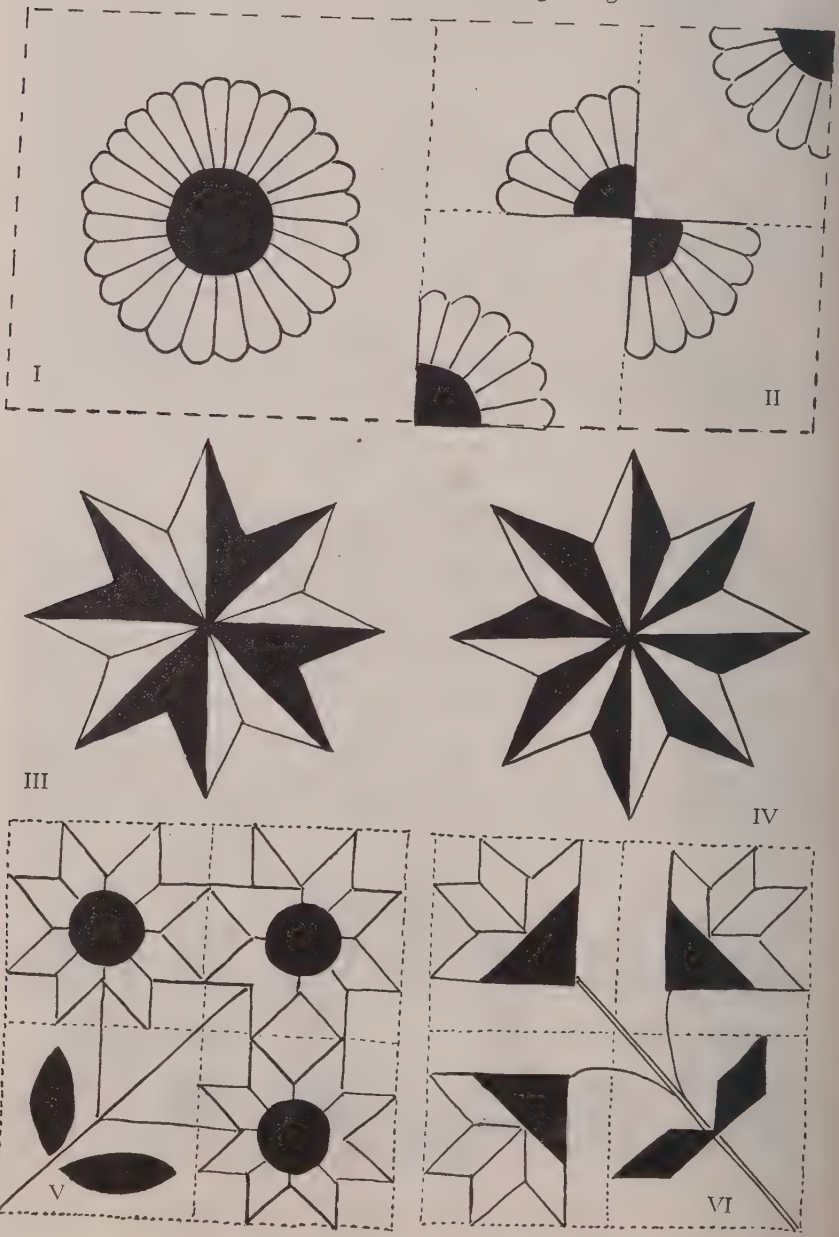
THE same patterns can be used in different positions, thus creating an entirely different quilt, for instance, the Dresden Plate design (I) made with twenty-four strips and a round center. By using one-quarter of the plate, and set-in corners, it becomes the Fan Pattern (II).

The Star Pattern is one of the oldest known and is the basis for countless others. Beginning with a square, lines are drawn from corner to corner. Two more divide the block through the center, crosswise, and up and down. From that point on, anything can be done. Illustration (III) shows the star in its simpler form. The "Rising Sun" in Plate IV is an elaborate variation. Illustration V shows a "Sunflower" block with three pieced stars and a plain square of white muslin. The centers of the stars are appliqued over the piecing, and the stems and leaves appliqued on the white patch. Both are based on the star pattern. Illustration VI shows pieced tulips, using part of the star pattern with leaves and stems appliqued.

PLATE E—TULIPS AND ROSE QUILT

(See *The Relief Society Magazine*, March 1954, page 179, and February 1955, page 105).

If there is a quilt in your future, I hope you will enjoy making it from beginning to end.



Highly Organized

Dorothy Boys Kilian

JIM Windon patted the inside pocket of his coat with happy anticipation as he strode up the front walk. By golly, he and Sally deserved this unexpected treat; the budget hadn't allowed many frills lately.

Before he could get his key in the lock, young Mrs. Windon opened the door. Just looking at her, even after six months of marriage, Jim's heart melted like ice cubes in hot water.

"Hi, lovely," he said tenderly, pulling her to him. As he bent to kiss her, though, he was stopped cold by that all-too-familiar look in her otherwise beautiful blue eyes.

"Couldn't you possibly manage to get home sooner?" Sally was asking reproachfully. "You know I always plan for six o'clock, and now the souffle's all sunk in the middle!"

Jim groaned inwardly and then squared his jaw. "Let it sink," he said, with determined gaiety. "We can pick up a bite somewhere on the way to the theater."

"Theater?" Sally echoed.

"Honey, you may not realize it, but we're about to have ourselves an evening." Jim drew two tickets out of his coat pocket and waved them triumphantly in front of her. He felt his enthusiasm mounting again. "The boss had two complimentaries to the Playhouse for tonight, and when I stayed late to finish a report for him he slid them across the desk to me."

"Oh, Jim, that would have been fun, but . . ." Sally hesitated.

"But what?" Jim braced himself.

"Well, I'd planned for us to go down to the stores . . . ."

Jim stared at her. "You mean to say," he spluttered, "that you'd pass up an evening on the town just to go *shopping*?"

"That's what we've often done on Friday nights," Sally said defensively. "When we have the car to carry things home in, and all."

"But it doesn't have to become an ironclad rule, does it," Jim retorted, "when something like this comes up?"

"It *is* a shame," Sally agreed. "But to top it all, I've arranged with that appliance man on Green Street to give us a demonstration of his automatic washer. You know, that model we're interested in. I told him we'd be sure to stop in tonight."

"He won't mind when you call and explain," Jim remonstrated. "He'll have plenty of other customers, and besides, we can see him any old time."

"That's just it, we can't . . . not together," Sally insisted. "Friday's the only night they're open."

Jim was silent for a moment. Then he said coldly, "So we're not going to use the tickets?"

"Jim," Sally wailed, "you're not trying to understand."

"There are some things I'll never understand," Jim said desperately. He had noticed right from the beginning that Sally was a highly

organized little housekeeper. And now he was remembering the first time they'd had a real scene over it.

THEY had been married only a few weeks when he had found himself with an extra halfholiday. He had burst into the house Friday noon and found Sally washing windows in the living room.

"Surprise, surprise!" he had shouted, grabbing the sponge from her hand and whirling her around the room. "The boss said to take the afternoon off. Let's pack a lunch and take a hike up the canyon."

"Jim, how wonderful!" Sally trilled, gently retrieving the sponge which was dripping water all over the rug.

Then she looked at the window and frowned. "Oh, but we can't," she said sadly. "Just look at this mess. The curtains down and only one window clean so far."

"Who cares?" Jim laughed. "It's just perfect out for a walk—crisp and sunny. We might even find some leaves turned color up on the ridge."

Sally's eyes glowed briefly, but then she said, "No, it's impossible. That rain yesterday left the windows all streaked. Think how queer it would look from the outside—one clear pane and all the rest a sight."

"For Pete's sake," Jim burst out. "Isn't an afternoon of fun together more important than the view of our place from the street?"

Sally shook her head. "Besides," she went on, "I wouldn't really enjoy the walk. I'd be thinking of how I'd planned to do that job today, and then ran out on it, before it was hardly started."

"Ease up a little, can't you, Sally?" Jim pleaded. "Time enough to get organized to the teeth when we have twins to feed and you have to get to some meeting on time."

"Darling," Sally protested, "I just can't seem to help it. I don't see how one can run a home all helter-skelter. I'm only trying to do my job right." Her chin began to tremble.

Jim suddenly felt like a churlish bear. He put his arms around her. "Trouble is," he said lightly," casual living comes hard for you perhaps because you weren't born in the West."

"Maybe that's it," Sally managed a smile. "What a trial it must be for you native sons to put up with us 'furriners.' "

"Oh, well, Illinois had it's Lincoln," Jim said generously. But as he stood by the window and stared out through it into the golden autumn sunshine, he felt trapped . . . .

"MAYBE we'd better eat," Sally was saying uncertainly.

"Yes, of course." Jim's voice was frigid. "Let us sit down immediately to our well-planned meal. But first . . . ." He stalked over to the desk, tore the theater tickets in two with a loud rip, and dropped the pieces into the wastebasket.

"Oh, Jim, now you're angry again," Sally sighed.

"Let's cut out the dramatics. You said 'eat'; all right let's eat." Jim strode out to the dining alcove.

In frosty silence he sat down at the table; in abused silence Sally brought in the food, in miserable silence they pretended to eat.

As Sally came in with the apricot pudding, however, she had apparent-

ly decided on an attempt to defrost the atmosphere. "We had a letter from your mother today," she said casually.

"That so? What'd she have to say?" Jim asked with cool politeness.

"Oh, this and that . . . . Your father's sister, Julia, must be a remarkable woman."

"What's she up to now?" Jim smiled a little in spite of himself.

"She's going up to San Francisco tomorrow to attend some women's club convention. She's the official delegate from her district."

"She will probably be coming through here, then," Jim said. "Yes, she's quite a woman, head of practically every organization in her town . . . . Say!" His eyes suddenly came alive.

"What?" Sally asked, startled.

Jim pushed back his chair. "I'm going to phone her to see if she can't stop off here a few hours between trains," he said eagerly.

"Why on earth? I mean, of course, if you want to. But I never heard you speak of being so fond of her . . . ." Sally floundered.

"I'm not, I mean, she really is wonderful. I definitely want you to meet her," Jim called back enthusiastically from the telephone where he was already dialing long distance.

AND so, at six o'clock the next evening, Jim was conducting Aunt Julia up the walk and into the house where Sally, in nervous eagerness, awaited them.

"How do you do, my dear?" Aunt Julia, her ample form perfectly turned out in a gray suit with fur neckpiece, gave Sally a smart peck on the cheek. "Oh, no, Jim," she said over her shoulder. "Don't set that bag down flat—it'll curdle my lotions."

"It was so nice of you to stop off," Sally ventured politely.

"It did throw me several hours off schedule," Aunt Julia admitted. "I wouldn't have considered it at all except that Jim here was so flatteringly insistent." She smirked fondly at her nephew.

"We'll eat right away so you won't feel rushed about making the eight o'clock train," Sally explained, as she saw the guest glance nervously at her watch and then at the dining table.

"Fine!" Aunt Julia boomed. "By the way, I wonder if I might have a cup of consomme. I always have some in the late afternoon, seems to help me digest my dinner."

"How's Uncle Rob?" Jim was asking as Sally came back into the room with the cup of consomme.

"Rob? Oh, he's all right," Aunt Julia answered vaguely. "He's transferred himself into the sales division of the company—isn't home much these days."

"I think we're ready to begin," Sally broke in awhile later, as she finished the dinner preparations. "We can eat our salad while the gravy's heating."

As she sat down at the table, Aunt Julia pushed her salad plate to one side. "I'll save mine until the main course, if you don't mind, my dear. I'm just used to eating it that way. The busy life I lead, it seems more practical to get everything on the table at once."

Conversation lagged. Aunt Julia very obviously concentrating on the job of fortifying her generous frame

in the shortest time decently possible.

"Jim says you just about run your town," Sally smiled determinedly as she served dessert. "How on earth do you find time for all your activities?"

"It's just a matter of having a definite time for everything, and no nonsense about it," Aunt Julia answered briskly. "And that reminds me, Jim." She turned to her nephew. "I'll want a cab for seven-fifteen; will you call one now?"

"Great guns, we'll take you to the station," Jim protested.

"No, a cab, if you please," Aunt Julia said firmly. "You don't want to run off leaving a table full of dirty dishes. Besides," she added, half under her breath, "in a taxi, I'll be sure of getting there in plenty of time."

AS the cab drove off a little while later, Jim shut the front door and said solemnly, "A very successful, highly organized woman."

"No doubt of it," Sally agreed grimly, sinking down on the davenport.

Jim cleared his throat. "Well, let's do up the dishes," he said briskly. "Very inefficient to leave them sitting there on the table."

"Jimmy . . . come here."

Jim's heart missed a beat as Sally reached up and pulled him down beside her. He heard her sudden laughter, muffled in his coat.

She lifted up her head and smiled at him, the kind of smile which always made him feel a stab of pity for every other man in the world. "The way I feel now, I never want to do another organized thing the rest of my life," she said fervently. "I won't spoil your surprise, ever again. Other things can wait. You've certainly won this round, honey."

"Oh, I wouldn't say you'd lost entirely," Jim said kindly, as he tucked Sally's head back under his coat. "After all, you taught me how to organize . . . for defense."

My Magazine

Mabel M. Tanner

Each month I get a magazine,
My *Relief Society Magazine;*
It excels most publications twice its price,
With its poems—soul inspiring,
"Special Features"—never tiring,
And its pages full of sound and sage advice.

There are helps to make home beautiful,
And aids to keep wife dutiful,
And stories, sweet and clean, that warm the heart;
Recipes for healthful living,
At the same time ever giving
Beauty to that culinary art.

Let's be loyal to our *Magazine,*
Our *Relief Society Magazine;*
It gives us wealth from out its bounteous store,
With its plans for every meeting.
How I thrill with joyous greeting
When I see it in the mailbox at my door!

Hurrah for Pete!

Mabel Law Atkinson

"BOY, oh, boy! Look at that, Marola!"

The silence of the sixth-grade room was pierced by Pete's outburst as he thrust his report card before the astonished eyes of Marola West who sat in front of him.

To the surprise of the pupils, their teacher, Miss Burke, did not reprove him for this interruption while she was passing out the report cards for the six weeks just ended, for when she saw the look of eager triumph in his eyes, instead of the veiled despair, and the flush of happiness on his face rather than the usual stoic chagrin at such times, she could not. Her eyes filled with quick tears, while her heart was singing. At last she had touched the soul of this gangling boy she had despaired of for the six months she had been his teacher.

Her thoughts raced back to the morning of her first day of teaching in the Lakeside School when the principal had hurriedly entered her room just before time for the bell and had said, "Just one more thing, Miss Burke, you will get the school's problem lad this year, Pete Garfield. No one has been able to reach him thus far. He's a dull, apathetic student, but quick enough in mischief. Take a firm stand from the start and remember I am back of you in anything you do."

She had resented the principal's words, and had decided to give the boy every encouragement. She had been instinctively drawn to him that first day when she had called on him to take his turn in reading aloud, and had seen the mute pleading in his eyes, which turned to agony as Rodney Hebdon, one of the most forward students, had said, "Pete can't read. Didn't you know?"

He had stumbled through a short paragraph, missing most of the words and had heaved an audible sigh and wiped the perspiration from his forehead when he took his seat.

From that very day she had given him special help outside of school hours and found, to her surprise, that he soon mastered the big words when she taught them to him as she would to a first grader through story, pictures, and dramatization, but the little words bothered him. She had gone to his home two nights a week, and now, after long months, he was able to go rather haltingly through about one-sixth of the regular class assignments. A month ago had come the inspiration to tell him that, if he did the small assignments she gave him from then on, he would receive the same grade as if he had completed all the work. How he had toiled! Apathy had disappeared, and he had begun going to her boarding house for additional help on Saturdays.

She was recalled to the present by Marola's voice, "Miss Burke, I can't understand! Pete's marks are as high as mine, and surely you know . . . ."

She stopped embarrassed, not knowing how to go on, and Miss

Burke answered quickly, "Yes, I know. I am sure we are all proud of his achievement." Then she added quietly to Marola, "Will you help me pass out the art materials at recess, please?" And her eyes smiled a challenge for silence.

MAROLA, her brightest student, understood and was her usual sweet self as she answered, "I shall be glad to, Miss Burke."

At recess she quickly put the paper and paints on the desks, then came and stood by her teacher's desk and said, "Miss Burke, I'm sorry if I was unkind, but I was so startled to see Pete had all A's the same as I, when he is dreadfully slow and never gets all his work, and doesn't even know all the words yet, that I called out before I thought."

"I know, dear." Miss Burke's voice was tender. "I know. God has been very good to you, Marola. He has blessed you with a high degree of intelligence—with an alert mind. It is easy for you to get your work. Pete has worked much, much harder than you have, and he has learned the three spelling words I've assigned him each day this last month, and the two problems in arithmetic and the half page of reading, so don't you feel he should know the joy of succeeding when he has done his best? Remember, dear, to be grateful for what God has given you, but never feel superior to one who has not been so highly blessed."

Marola's eyes were filled with a new light, as she said, "I'm glad you gave Pete all A's. Truly I am. Thank you for making me see. From now on I shall be his champion, too."

The next morning she was waiting at Miss Burke's gate to walk to school with her.

"How nice to have someone to walk with this beautiful spring morning!" Miss Burke put Marola at ease at once, for she sensed there was a reason for her going out of her way to accompany her to school.

After a few seconds of silence, Marola spoke. "I told Dad and Mother all about Pete's report card and what you said to me, and they wish there were more teachers like you. Dad told me that Pete is the smartest boy in town in some things, that not another boy his age or even older can handle a team like he can; that he knows how to harness a team and plow as well as a man. Mother said that even though I might have a quicker brain to get school lessons, she guessed things were pretty well evened up when God was giving out the talents. I wanted to tell you this to make up for my rudeness yesterday."

With an arm about the young girl's shoulders, Miss Burke said very gently, "You just didn't think, dear. But from now on, perhaps you can do more than you realize to get your classmates to accept Pete as one of them, as their equal, I mean. That would do him more good than anything else. A person needs the security of friends. Pete isn't dumb, for I've proved he can learn. I think, perhaps, teachers have just figured he was, and have put forth no special effort to help him."

"That is true, Miss Burke. You're the first teacher who has really made him see that he can learn. I know I've been sort of a snob, but I

haven't really meant to be, and now I'm going to try and help Pete. Just you watch me! I'll have the rest of the class seeing the good in him, too—all but Rodney. He acts so superior, I'm sort of afraid of him."

"Don't be. He's a brilliant boy and has a heart of gold if he can only be made to see. Well, here we are at the schoolhouse."

MAROLA joined her group, and Miss Burke went inside. All day in the back of her mind was the germ of an idea to help two boys develop into splendid men, and a plan began to evolve in which Pete could demonstrate his superiority in some things.

While he never reached the same depths of despair again, Pete's ascent to popularity, to being accepted, was slow. He continued to study, and within a short time was doing three problems and five words and reading an entire page.

In spite of Marola's efforts, Rodney would not recognize Pete as an equal, and when he saw how she favored him with her smiles and often drew him into conversation, he became almost insufferably rude in his attitude toward Pete. Always in class, innocently enough it appeared on the surface, he was showing up Pete's inability to do the work required of normal students, and on the playground he was even more insulting.

One afternoon recess when Rodney and Bill White were choosing up sides for a game of ball, and only Pete was left and it was Rodney's turn to choose, he said, with forced carelessness, to Bill, "It's my turn, but you can have him. He's no good, only to be the teacher's pet and get pitied by Marola."

There was no Pete at school the next day nor the next, so Miss Burke went to his home to inquire the reason.

From his mother she learned he was working for a farmer, Mr. Dalton, doing his spring plowing. She confided that he had tried to get Pete to help him before but he had refused by saying, "No, I wouldn't think of missing a day of school now, for I can really see I am learning." Continuing, his mother said, "But two nights ago he came home late and told me he wouldn't be going back to school for a while, for he would be plowing for John Dalton. I tried to talk him out of it, but couldn't."

As Miss Burke was leaving, Pete came in. When he saw her he flushed a deep crimson. She quickly put him at his ease by saying, "Your mother tells me you are plowing for Mr. Dalton. I've heard you are an expert at handling a team. In fact, one man told me you are the smartest boy in town when it came to hitching up and driving a team. Do you come home for your noon meal?"

"No, I eat dinner with the Daltons. I drive the team to their place at noon, where I water them and they eat while I do, then I drive them back to work. I'll be plowing on his acres a half mile the other side of the schoolhouse for awhile now, so I'll be passing by the school at noon or about twelve-thirty. If you want to see pretty horses, just be looking out the window tomorrow. I curry them every day, and they're real beauties, King and Sally are their names."

JUDITH Burke had received the inspiration she needed to develop her idea into a workable plan. That night she decided that Rodney and the rest of her class should *happen* to be all together in front of the schoolhouse when Pete passed next day at noon driving his shining team.

To her surprise, Marola was again at her gate the next morning, and could hardly wait to begin speaking. "Miss Burke, I almost hate Rodney. I used to like him, but not now. Do you know why Pete is out of school?"

"Yes, dear, he is plowing for Mr. Dalton."

"But that isn't the real reason. The day before he stayed out, Rodney wouldn't choose him on his side and said all he was good for was to be your pet and get my pity. Honestly, Pete looked just awful, like he was sick."

"Oh, no! Not that!" Miss Burke spoke more to herself than to Marola. Then her mind began on a definite scheme to rebuild Pete's self-esteem and, at the same time, bring out the inherent goodness she felt sure was in Rodney.

In the opening exercises that morning when the row leaders were reporting absences and Clair Cole said, "Pete is absent again, but I don't know why," she explained by calmly saying, "Pete is out for a few days helping Mr. Dalton with his spring plowing. I've found out he's doing a good job, and I shall give him credit in agriculture for this work. You know there are other ways to learn and advance besides studying in the schoolroom, important as such study is. I've been informed that no other boy in town can harness and unharness a team as quickly and efficiently as can Pete."

Rodney shrugged his arrogant shoulders and spoke aloud, "Pooh! It doesn't take any brains to do that. Anybody can hitch up a team."

When school was dismissed at noon, Miss Burke surprised her students by saying cheerily, "All of you have your lunches eaten and be in front of the schoolhouse by twelve thirty. I brought my kodak today, and I'm going to take your picture as a group. I shall give each one of you a print before school is out for our summer vacation."

Promptly at twelve-thirty the entire class lined up in three rows on the front lawn and were looking their pleasantest when Miss Burke came out. She took a quick look up the road. There, sure enough, not far away was Pete, walking behind the team he had curry-combed till they fairly shone.

After Miss Burke had taken two snaps of the class, Marola, seeing Pete, cried out, "Oh, look, Miss Burke, there's Pete now. Let's take his picture driving the horses!"

"Yes, let's!" chorused the group, all but Rodney.

"All right. Pete, will you stop while I get a picture of you and those beautiful horses you are driving?" she called cheerfully.

"Whoa, King! Whoa, Sally! Whoa, there!" Pete called, suddenly feeling very important.

"Now face this way," Miss Burke requested.

After his picture was taken, Miss Burke said, "We talked about the work you are doing on the farm this morning, and we agreed you were very good at doing

important work like plowing and handling a team. I think you will make a good farmer, and farmers must feed the world, you know."

This was too much for Rodney, who liked to be the center of attraction. He kicked at a pebble on the side of the road and said, "Anybody can farm and take care of a team."

MISS Burke hadn't expected things to take quite this turn, but she quickly saw her opportunity to help both boys and she spoke up clearly and with conviction. "All right! Boys and girls, you've heard what Rodney just said, but I don't believe it. It takes a smart boy to do what Pete is doing. Rodney, I challenge you to prove you can unharness and then harness this team as quickly and as well as can Pete here."

Before she could say more, the class cheered and clapped their approval and called "Hurrah for Pete! Come on, Rodney!"

Miss Burke continued, "You needn't worry, Pete. I'll make things right with Mr. Dalton. Boys, get out your watches and when I say 'Go!' start timing as Pete first unharnesses the team then puts the harness back on them again. Then you can time Rodney while he does the same. Ready, Pete?"

"Ready," he answered quickly.

"All right, go!" she called, and without the appearance of haste, Pete began taking off the harness. He placed it by the side of the road, then took it up and harnessed the team again, all in an incredibly short time.

"Now, it's your turn, Rodney," spoke up Marola, with a smile that contained a hint of malice. "Let's see you beat Pete's record."

Miss Burke knew Rodney was afraid and experiencing chagrin for perhaps the first time in his life. She could see it in his face, but she had to admire the way he stepped forward gallantly. Of course, there was nothing else he could do, for his honor was at stake.

He began undoing the wrong strap buckle, so Pete said, "Not that, Rod. Here's where you begin. Now you do this. Now this," and so on till the harness was by the side of the road, with Pete saying an occasional "Whoa, King," or "Whoa, Sally," to the horses who wondered what it was all about.

When Rodney started to reharness the team, he frankly asked Pete to tell him what to do and followed directions readily. Then, in a friendly, sporting way, he held Pete's hand high and called, "All done," to the timekeepers, who, being quick to respond to good sportsmanship, called back encouragingly, "You only took five times as long as Pete."

Rodney then showed the substance of which he was made by holding out his hand to Pete, who had the lines and was ready to give the "giddap" signal. As Pete grasped it quickly and firmly, Rodney said, "Congratulations, Pete. You're great! See you in school tomorrow?"

"Sure thing!" answered Pete, with a feeling of pride and of belonging in his voice and in his heart. Then he went whistling joyously on his way, while his classmates looked at him as if really seeing him for the first time.

Mary W. Platt Has Enough Hobbies to Make Her Happy

MARY W. Platt, Kanarra, Utah, crochets, makes many varieties of rugs, pillowcases, handkerchiefs, scarves, and apparel for infants. Her principal hobby, however, is quiltmaking, a skill in which she excels. She has quilted thirteen double wedding ring quilts, two flower garden quilts, and has made many other quilts of exquisite design and workmanship. Also, she has made two crocheted bedspreads.

Now eighty years old, Mrs. Platt is never idle. Her hobbies and her family, as well as her Church work, keep her busy and happy. Of her twelve children, nine were reared to maturity, and all of these are married and have families. Mrs. Platt has forty-four grandchildren and eight great-grandchildren. In addition to her family and her many friends, she has entertained in her home and at her table many Church officials. She has been a Relief Society visiting teacher for many years, and serves her community well by many acts of unselfish kindness.

Of May

Iris W. Schow

May was the petal unbrowned by the sun;
The child who could not stay;
The smile of trust, now etched on memory
Was May.

May is the ground where faith and knowledge meet;
The star discerned by day
Our dream at length cloaked in reality
Is May.

Green Willows

Chapter 4

Deone R. Sutherland

Synopsis: Lillian and her friend Patricia are very much interested in the affairs of Pat's three unmarried aunts: Agnes, Margaret, and Karen. The two older sisters are schoolteachers, and Karen is preparing to follow the same profession. However, Margaret and Dr. Turner, a widower, who lives across the street, have renewed an earlier friendship, and it appears that John Alder, the new director of the summer theater in Green Willows, is trying to persuade Karen that there are already enough schoolteachers in her family.

THE next three weeks passed all too slowly. We found out the name of the play that would be out at the summer theater the week end we would be spending at Margaret Diffendorf's. It was *Charley's Aunt*. "How innocuous," I said, but our parents were overjoyed that that was to be the play we were to see. I had hoped for something just off Broadway. "We'll love it; you'll see," Pat said.

"Oh, I'm excited about it all," I said.

We saw Dr. Turner take Pat's Aunt Agnes and Aunt Margaret home from our first summer Mutual party. He sat by them in Church on Sunday, too.

We went over to talk to Phil after Sunday School. We asked him what he thought about getting up a weiner roast maybe that Friday night.

"I can't," he said. "Margaret's going to let Daddy and me go fishing up by their cabin. She's going to come up for a day."

"I didn't know Aunt Margaret ever went fishing," said Pat.

When we mentioned it to Pat's mother, she said it was very kind of Agnes and Margaret to let them use the cabin. Why, everybody in the ward was being good to Phil because, after all, he was a motherless boy and needed someone besides his invalid grandmother and Essie Arks to look after him, though it was nice they were able to get Essie to come and help. She was a fine cook and a good scrubber.

"We'd like to be kind to Phil, too," Pat said mournfully, "but we never get the chance."

"Never mind," said Pat's mother, "another year or two and he'll be the one coaxing you girls to notice him."

The second week end before we were to go to stay at Margaret's contained a really wonderful event. Our ward outing up Slipper Canyon was held on Saturday. On Friday Pat called me up to see what I was going to wear.

"For silly," Beany said. "You both know you'll be wearing your denim skirts."

"Mother won't let me wear my cashmere sweater," Pat said, "but I am going to wear my brown leather collar. I guess it'll have to be an old sweater and my red jacket."

"Mother has to use the phone," I told Pat. "I'll call you back."

It was a wonderful day for the outing. It was hot in the valley,

but crisp and cool when we got up in the mountains. Pat rode up with us because her mother and father were going to take the Diffendorf sisters, but both John Alder and Dr. Turner offered to take them also. Finally Pat's mother and father just came alone in their car. At the last minute, Dr. Turner had a call and so they all rode with John Alder—Aunt Agnes, Margaret, Phil, and Karen.

"My dad will be along later," we heard Phil tell everyone who asked him.

Agnes spread their picnic lunch on the table next to Pat's food, and, of course, we were next to Pat's folks on the other side because they're our best friends.

Agnes said, "Margaret, you've miscounted. You have an extra plate here."

"Oh," said Margaret, tugging a little at the soft scarf she had tied around her throat. "I thought I'd set a place for Phil's father in case he gets here in time."

JOHN Alder came back from gathering wood for the fire. "I seem to be constantly accepting your hospitality lately," he said to Agnes. "I wish you had let me buy the lunch today and bring it."

"Nonsense," said Agnes. "Besides, I can't stand the Central Hotel's cooking. Rather do it myself, certainly would."

"How are they going to tell you from the students next year, Karen?" John Alder sat down by Karen on the bench at the table.

"That's easy," Karen said. "I'll be taller than most, and I'll look stern."

I looked at Karen. She certainly hadn't been looking stern lately. She always looked bright and laughing. She's like a flower, I thought. And so is Margaret, sometimes. Only not now. Margaret kept looking through the woods toward the parking and listening. She had finished setting the table. She twined the ends of her scarf, smiling only a little when the others laughed at something. I hoped I'd look like that when I grew up, I thought. It was better to be thin like that and with grace.

"I think everyone's getting ready to sit down and eat," Agnes said.

"Not yet," said Margaret; "it's still so early."

"Girls, run and find Phil and tell him we're nearly ready to eat," said Pat's mother.

We ran off, looking for Phil. The men and boys had been playing basketball. They were coming back towards the tables now.

"We're going to eat now," we yelled at Phil.

He pretended not to hear us, but he came to our table. He sat down by Margaret and began telling her about who had won and why. We couldn't understand how Margaret could pretend to be so interested in such stuff. But then she was always nice to kids. Look at us. Only one week away, and we were going to a play with her and then come home and stay all night. I felt a pang of jealousy that Phil should have all her attention like that. I wished we had been sitting closer to her.

Just then Phil shouted, "Here comes Daddy!" We all turned to look.

"Did I make it? I was afraid I'd miss the food," Dr. Turner greeted us.

We all tried to answer him while Margaret moved over and made room for him. In that moment she was looking as radiant as Karen. Phil had to begin all over telling about the ball game.

Our table grew very quiet so our bishop could ask the blessing. "Not only are we thankful for this food, but this joyous group of neighbors and friends whom we love . . . ."

We were thankful for this joyous group. Suddenly I knew these were the moments I must remember, "this joyous group." All the words in blessings were beautiful words, I thought.

MARGARET cleared up the dishes, and Dr. Turner helped and so did Phil for a few minutes. Then he ran to join the games, and Dr. Turner and Margaret and Aunt Agnes walked over to watch and cheer for Phil. Pat and I watched, too.

"He gets more content and seems happier all the time," Dr. Turner said to Margaret.

"I know I am happier," said Margaret in a low voice.

Dr. Turner took her hand and held it in his.

"Come on," I said to Pat, "let's find the kids in our group."

It was fun to run until it hurt to breathe. People began building the bonfire high. In a little while it would be dark, and then we'd all be sitting around the fire singing and having a program. Then, last of all, they'd get out the marshmallows for the red hot coals.

Beany and I sang a duet on the program. We had been practicing for it all week. When I sang a solo part in it, Beany held his ears, and everybody laughed. Not long ago I would have died if Beany had done that, but it didn't bother me too much tonight, though I did feel like giving him a hard kick in the shins.

Pat and I went to get our marshmallows. After we'd eaten the last possible marshmallow we could hold, the outing came to a close. After the closing prayer, we helped load the things into the cars. I was beginning to feel very tired, and I'd eaten too much.

"Margaret's riding down with Phil and me," Dr. Turner said.

Phil was scrambling sleepily into Dr. Turner's car, where he stretched out on the back seat.

"Then John's car won't be so crowded," Margaret added.

"Well, I doubt if it'll be very crowded," Agnes said. "The girls loaded all our picnic things into Pat's car, so I'm going to have to ride down with them so I can sort out our stuff when we get home. I guess Karen will be the only one riding back with John."

"Pat had better come with us, too," said Pat's father.

So I said goodbye to her.

John said goodnight to everybody. "I'll see that Karen gets home safely," he said to Agnes.

"I know it," Agnes said.

"Goodbye, Pat," I yelled and then jumped into our car.

As soon as it started moving, I promptly fell asleep and didn't wake up until we were home, where I discovered Beany's head on my shoulder. I ought to bop him now for that duet, I thought, but I was too sleepy.

Monday afternoon we rode our bikes up to see Margaret to

make sure she had not forgotten that this was the Friday we were going to the play with her. We took our Kold-ayde along and made a few stops on the way to see if we could sell a few packages. We really didn't sell enough to make the effort worthwhile. We decided we wouldn't offer any to the Diffendorfs. We didn't want to take advantage of them.

"Margaret's not here," said Agnes, "but I'm sure she's not forgotten that you're coming. She was at the summer theater all morning, and then this afternoon she and Phil went shopping for some summer clothes for him. Dr. Turner drove them."

"Where's Aunt Karen?" Pat asked.

"Well, she rode down with Margaret this morning. She was going to help paint sets or something. Margaret came back without her. Said John was going to drop her off when he came. Seems kind of out of his way, though," she added drily.

I tucked my chin on my knee. "Miss Diffendorf, do you think they'll go to Europe this summer?"

"*Europe?*" She looked at me in astonishment. "Good gracious me, whatever gave you that idea? Oh, yes, I remember. Margaret talked about it a month or so ago. No, the plans for the summer theater going through changed all that. Besides, Margaret's not running away from anything this summer, I guess."

"Could we have a drink of water before we start back, Aunt Agnes?" Pat asked.

"Of course, girls, anything you like."

We went back through the long, cool house and drank delicious sips of cold well water. Pat opened the icebox, but there was no fudge. The picnic dishes were still waiting on the table unwashed. Usually Agnes was a fanatic about not letting a dish sit dirty a minute. We tiptoed back through the house.

"I'm sorry there are no treats today, girls. I've felt a little tired lately. I'll probably be perking up and getting busy cooking before you're due for your visit, so don't worry."

WE protested that we didn't expect her to go to any trouble for us. In a few minutes we picked up our bikes and rode home.

Beany was playing on top of father's garage with Andy, a neighbor boy. Someone ought to tell Mother on him, I thought, but I sat down in the shade and rested by Pat instead.

"Jens Olesen isn't married," said Pat. He was the postmaster.

"I guess he's about the only one in town who is anywhere near the right age. How old do you think he is?" I chewed on a piece of grass.

"I've got to go," Pat said. "It's almost time for Daddy to get home."

At dinner I asked Father, "How much older is Jens Olesen than Agnes Diffendorf?"

"I don't know. Ten or fifteen years at least." Father went on talking to Mother.

That was quite a bit older. I started to think about exactly the things I'd need to take with me Friday night. Mother had already promised me the loan of her overnight bag.

On Friday, Margaret had promised to pick us up at our homes on

her way to her house from the theater before dinner and the evening performance. Pat got so excited waiting that she brought her things over to wait with me. My place was the closest, so it would be likely that Margaret would stop here first. When she finally came, Dr. Turner was driving.

"I was on my way home from the office when it occurred to me that I should save John Alder a trip home with Margaret, so I picked her up myself. Of course, John was none too pleased over that."

"He didn't mind in the least," laughed Margaret, "except that it prevented him from seeing . . . ." She turned around and smiled at us. "I see you're both wearing your best bib 'n tucker for the play tonight."

"Oh, yes," Pat said. "Mother said we ought to dress up, but we had planned to, anyway."

We turned up the hill. Phil came running across the yard when he heard his father's car.

"Did you go swimming today, Phil?" Margaret called.

"Yes, we did; it was swell. Water was wonderful."

We got out at the gate, and Phil slid in the car beside his father.

"Around a quarter to eight?" Dr. Turner asked Margaret. "It's a good half-hour drive."

"Fine," she said. "We'll all be waiting."

"Is Phil going, too?" asked Pat.

"Yes," said Margaret. "I thought he'd enjoy it with us. Dr. Turner says the play's an old favorite of his and he offered to drive us. I thought it would be fun to go together."

Aunt Agnes waited for us on the front porch.

"You can take your things up to the guest room and wash your hands, girls. Don't waste any time, but come down as soon as you're ready because dinner's almost on the table."

"I wish you'd come with us, Agnes," Margaret stood in the doorway.

"Oh, I can't see them all," said Agnes. "Since I've tickets for almost all the rest of them, I think I'd better plan on missing this one. You've got a carful anyway."

"We won't be a minute," we promised as we started up the stairs.

"I think I'll skip dinner." Margaret started for the stairs where we waited. "I need awhile to get ready."

"Nonsense," said Agnes firmly. "You're too thin now. You need dinner as well as the girls. I'll help after you eat a bit if you need me."

Margaret came down the stairs and put her arms around Agnes and kissed her on the forehead and on the cheek. They stood looking at each other for a moment, while Pat and I steadily examined Grandfather Diffendorf's picture on the stairway wall.

"It's all right, Margaret," Agnes said softly. "Don't you worry about a single thing. Everything's going to be all right." Margaret turned and ran up the stairs.

"Hurry up, girls," Agnes turned toward the kitchen, but not before we saw the tears standing bright in her eyes.

(To be continued)

Magazine Subscriptions for 1954

Counselor Marianne C. Sharp

THE general board extends its thanks and deep appreciation to all who by their support, participation and conscientious work made possible the substantial increase in the number of subscriptions to *The Relief Society Magazine* in 1954. This increase of 8,865 subscriptions reflects great credit on stake and ward, mission and branch *Magazine* representatives who placed on the honor roll, as well as on the presidencies of Relief Society under whose direction the work of placing the *Magazine* in Latter-day Saint homes was so ably accomplished.

The general board endeavors to publish a *Magazine* of value for Latter-day Saint women, and the acceptance which it receives is gratifying. Of primary concern is the resolution that everything in *The Relief Society Magazine* shall be in harmony with Latter-day Saint standards. At the nominal subscription price of the *Magazine* and at no extra cost, subscribers are supplied the lesson work for Relief Society, as approved by the Church Publications Committee, and all other lesson helps published by the general board. In addition to the lesson material, *The Relief Society Magazine* also offers material of general reading interest—inspirational, entertaining, and practical for homemaking—with specific instructions and reports of Relief Society members, activities, and aspirations. It contains the general history of Relief Society and, as such, copies should be preserved in all Relief Society organizations. The *Magazine* binds together in one bond of sisterhood, members throughout the world in ever-expanding numbers and localities. Of frequent occurrence are letters which come to the general board expressing appreciation for the *Magazine* from Latter-day Saint women who live far from their homes amid alien customs and religions to whom *The Relief Society Magazine* affords a tie to home and Church.

Noticeable gains in the number of subscriptions were evidenced in the placement of 129,878 *Magazines* in the homes, as of December 31, 1954, over the previous total of 121,014 in 1953. In 1954 there were 200 stakes on the honor roll as compared to 184 in 1953; and ward and branch organizations in the stakes on the honor roll in 1954 were 1,637 as compared with 1,467 in 1953. For the eighth year the South Los Angeles Stake had the highest percentage of any stake in the Church. It is interesting to note that the top seven stakes in 1954 were the same as those in 1953, although the relative positions of some of them varied. There were thirteen missions and 550 branches in missions on the honor roll in 1954. Twenty-four stakes had 100 per cent or over in every one of their wards as compared with sixteen in 1953. These indeed are excellent records.

Relief Society Magazine representatives have an important calling and an exacting one. It is their love for Relief Society which prompts them to accept this calling and fill

it so faithfully. By believing in the *Magazine* and explaining its value to new subscribers as well as continuing their interest in present subscribers, *Magazine* representatives help keep the teachings of Relief Society in the homes of Latter-day Saints. Their efforts and accomplishments are very much appreciated, as are the great interest and concern of those who preside over them —the Relief Society presidencies of the stakes and wards, missions and branches. Through close, co-operative effort success is assured.

Honors for Highest Ratings

Stake

South Los Angeles (California) 246%
Magazine Representative—Nancy M. Rupp

Ward

South Gate Ward, South Los Angeles Stake (California) 336%
Magazine Representative—Amelia Dellenbach

Branch

Mountain Home Branch, Boise Stake (Idaho) 353%
Magazine Representative—Barbara M. Jones

Mission

California—104%
Mission Relief Society President—LaPriel S. Bunker

Mission District

South Texas District, Texas-Louisiana Mission 130%
District *Magazine* Representative—Ruby Reaugh

Mission Branch

Franklin Branch—300%
West Virginia North District, East Central States Mission
Magazine Representative—Maycel W. Sponaugle

Ten Highest Percentages in Stakes

South Los Angeles	246	Nancy Rupp
Nyssa	166	Lucile M. Goates
San Joaquin	147	Reta J. Watkins
Glendale	144	Elsie Weber
Oquirrh	137	Enid O. Heise
Minidoka	135	Myrtle C. Lloyd
Provo	128	Flora Buggert
Rexburg	128	Martha J. Erickson
Long Beach	124	Ethel Spongberg
Burley	124	Leona Budge

Missions Achieving Ten Highest Percentages

California	104	LaPriel S. Bunker
Central States	100	May E. J. Dyer
Western States	100	Mildred P. Elggren
Texas-Louisiana	93	Phyllis D. Smith
Northern California	90	Amelia P. Gardner
Northwestern States	90	Mavil A. McMurrin
North Central States	86	Dora E. England
Great Lakes	85	Florence H. Richards
Western Canadian	85	Elizabeth H. Zimmerman
Northern States	85	Nettie P. Smoot

Ten Stakes With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
South Los Angeles	2567	North Jordan	871
San Fernando	1152	Ensign	864
Glendale	1076	Sevier	864
Mesa	984	Burley	859
Pasadena	943	Long Beach	848

Ten Missions With Highest Number of Subscriptions

	No. Subscriptions		No. Subscriptions
Central States	1177	California	838
Southern States	1153	Great Lakes	811
West Central States	1055	Eastern States	680
Western States	978	Northwestern States	677
Central Atlantic States	845	Northern States	594

Stakes in Which All the Wards Achieved 100% or Above

Bear River	Rennis A. Larkin	North Idaho Falls	Janet L. Landon
Bonneville	Ruth Peterson	Nyssa	Lucile M. Goates
Burley	Leona Budge	Oquirrh	Enid O. Heise
East Long Beach	Margaret Bryan	Pocatello	Margaret Thomas
East Los Angeles	Zelma Beck	Rexburg	Martha J. Erickson
East Mill Creek	Mary T. Maxfield	San Fernando	Helen Yaple
East Sharon	Edna M. Hansen	San Joaquin	Retta J. Watkins
Glendale	Elsie Weber	Sevier	Glenyce D. Poulson
Granite	Clara M. Love	Shelley	Merle Young
Grant	Caroline R. Bennett	South Idaho Falls	Renee J. Nielsen
Idaho Falls	Johanna Scoresby	South Los Angeles	Nancy M. Rupp
Long Beach	Ethel Spongberg	West Pocatello	Ione G. Slayden

Mission Percentages on Honor Roll

California	104	Northern California	90	Northern States	85
Central States	100	Northwestern States	90	West Central States	84
Western States	100	North Central States	86	Southern States	78
Texas-Louisiana	93	Great Lakes	85	New England	76
		Western Canadian	85		

Stakes by Percentages

South Los Angeles	246	East Long Beach	120	East Los Angeles	110
Nyssa	166	San Juan	119	Highland	109
San Joaquin	147	Humboldt	117	Sevier	109
Glendale	144	Bakersfield	116	Bear River	109
Oquirrh	137	Columbia River	115	Granite	108
Minidoka	135	West Pocatello	115	Grant	108
Provo	128	South Idaho Falls	114	Ogden	108
Rexburg	128	New York	113	Tacoma	108
Long Beach	124	Orange County	112	South Salt Lake	108
Burley	124	Los Angeles	112	North Idaho Falls	108
San Fernando	123	Wilford	111	Gridley	108
Idaho Falls	122	Union	111	Oakland	107
Shelley	120	Denver	110	San Diego	107

Inglewood	107	Uintah	94	Chicago	84
Pocatello	107	Maricopa	94	Logan	84
Bonneville	106	Mesa	94	Montpelier	84
Boise	106	Salt Lake	94	Raft River	84
Sugar House	106	Lorin Farr	94	Utah	83
Las Vegas	105	Layton	94	West Jordan	83
Rigby	105	Wasatch	94	Nevada	83
Pasadena	105	Timpanogos	93	Panguitch	83
San Jose	105	Moapa	93	North Carbon	83
San Bernardino	105	American Falls	93	Reno	82
North Box Elder	105	East Provo	93	Palmyra	82
San Francisco	105	University	93	Orem	82
Portneuf	104	Cannon	92	Alberta	82
East Mill Creek	104	South Blackfoot	92	Cedar	81
Bountiful	104	Murray	92	Riverside	81
North Pocatello	104	Grand Coulee	92	Farr West	81
St. Joseph	104	Sharon	92	El Paso	81
Sacramento	104	Butte	92	Idaho	80
Cassia	103	Spokane	91	Blaine	80
Emigration	103	Gooding	91	Millard	80
Twin Falls	103	North Tooele	91	Duchesne	80
North Jordan	103	Mount Graham	91	East Cache	80
South Box Elder	103	Carbon	90	Davis	80
Liberty	102	Teton	90	North Weber	79
Blackfoot	102	Woodruff	90	Snowflake	79
East Sharon	102	Grantsville	90	Lethbridge	79
Bannock	102	Berkeley	90	Fresno	79
East Phoenix	102	Star Valley	90	Beaver	79
Uvada	101	Deseret	90	Lake View	78
Ensign	101	Palo Alto	89	Richland	78
Nampa	101	Parowan	89	Mount Ogden	78
Young	101	Calgary	89	Seattle	78
Mount Jordan	101	Roosevelt	89	Garfield	77
West Utah	101	Franklin	89	Nebo	77
Mill Creek	100	North Sevier	89	Hyrum	77
Mount Rubidoux	100	South Ogden	89	South Sevier	77
Taylor	100	Southern Arizona	88	Detroit	77
Tooele	100	Dallas	88	Juab	76
South Bear River	100	Washington	88	Hillside	76
Santa Monica	99	Lehi	88	St. Johns	76
East Riverside	98	Kolob	88	Mount Logan	76
Malad	98	East Ogden	88	Lost River	76
Phoenix	98	Houston	88	South Summit	76
Park	97	Wayne	88	Juarez	74
North Rexburg	97	South Davis	88	Florida	72
Monument Park	96	Bear Lake	87	Klamath	72
Salmon River	96	East Jordan	87	San Luis	71
Weiser	96	Pioneer	87	North Sanpete	71
Cottonwood	96	Alpine	87	South Sanpete	70
Weber	96	Ben Lomond	87	Santa Rosa	70
St. George	96	Kanab	87	Gunnison	66
Wells	95	Smithfield	86	Moon Lake	66
Yellowstone	95	Benson	86	Willamette	66
North Davis	95	Zion Park	86	South Carolina	66
Big Horn	95	Temple View	86	Lyman	65
Portland	95	Santaquin-Tintic	85	Summit	64
Riverdale	95	Santa Barbara	85	Moroni	58
East Rigby	95	Oneida	85	Morgan	55
Emery	95	Cache	85	Oahu	41

STAKES ON HONOR ROLL—1954

Relief Society	Enrollment	Subscriptions No.	Subscriptions Pct.	Magazine Representative
Alberta	628	513	82	Afton L. Remington
Alpine	862	750	87	Sadie Meredith
American Falls	343	319	93	Harriet Peterson
Bakersfield	338	391	116	Virginia C. Hodson
Bannock	355	361	102	Ida J. Sorenson
Bear Lake	519	454	87	Millie Sprouse
Bear River	484	526	109	Rennis A. Larkin
Beaver	504	398	79	Sylvia Davis
Ben Lomond	397	344	87	Helen W. Jensen
Benson	608	523	86	Ruth J. White
Berkeley	617	553	90	Bertha Anderson
Big Horn	864	821	95	Elma S. Johnson
Blackfoot	520	532	102	Vera Fullmer
Blaine	284	228	80	Rosina N. Sparks
Boise	781	826	106	Della Palmer Means
Bonneville	725	768	106	Ruth Peterson
Bountiful	642	667½	104	Myrtle B. Hatch
Burley	693	859	124	Leona Budge
Butte	330	302	92	Harriet Millecam
Cache	618	524	85	Alice D. Griffin
Calgary	344	306	89	Leonore W. Heninger
Cannon	359	331	92	Jessie Johnson
Carbon	661	595	90	Gertrude W. Edwards
Cassia	209	216	103	Jane R. Hale
Cedar	651	530	81	Venice W. Prince
Gooding	503	458	91	Mary Roy
Grand Coulee	301	276	92	Maxine Winder
Granite	642	694½	108	Clara M. Love
Grant	667	721	108	Caroline R. Bennett
Grantsville	354	318	90	Ruth Rydalch
Gridley	430	463	108	Alice I. Ferrin
Highland	754	824	109	Lucy Harman
Hillside	871	664	76	Sara S. Nicholson
Houston	436	382	88	Edna F. Barrett
Humboldt	183	214	117	Charlotte S. Ferguson
Hyrum	743	570	77	Zelda J. Howells
Idaho	417	335	80	Jennie S. Gilbert
Idaho Falls	493	599	122	Johanna Scoresby
Inglewood	767	821	107	Magdalen Lake
Juab	536	410	76	Alligee L. Anderson
Kanab	439	380	87	Nellie Heaton
Kolob	872	766	88	Ivy C. Anderson
Lake View	585	549	78	Allie K. Freestone
Las Vegas	658	694	105	Florence A. Johnson
Layton	419	393	94	Dorsey Hodgson
Lehi	581	512	88	Hazel May Bone
Lethbridge	655	519	79	Emily Anderson
Liberty	791	810	102	Emily Platt Smith
Logan	540	452	84	Ruby W. Amussen

Chicago	441	372	84	Florence G. Andrew	Long Beach	686	848	124	Ethel Spongberg
Columbia River	451	520	115	Della V. Davis	Lorin Farr	449	422	94	Maude P. Close
Cottonwood	808	775	96	Roma Lee Sundberg	Los Angeles	593	664	112	Velma Shurleg
Dallas	438	387	88	Opal Burch	Lost River	256	194	76	Evelyn Pearson
Davis	707	563	80	Effie A. B. Miller	Malad	578	567¾	98	Helen R. Thomas
Denver	634	697	110	Bernice H. Brown	Maricopa	859	810	94	Opal John
Deseret	776	695	90	Alpha Nielson	Mesa	1044	984	94	Lola White
Detroit	345	264	77	Nora J. Souter	Millard	632	506	80	Ethel P. Baker
Duchesne	254	203	80	Ora N. Holgate	Mill Creek	452	454	100	LaVon T. Salisbury
East Cache	658	529	80	Inez B. Bergeson	Minidoka	513	691	135	Myrtle C. Lloyd
East Jordan	777	678	87	LoVenna S. Cook	Moapa	305	284	93	Lillian C. Lewis
East Long Beach	490	586	120	Margaret Bryan	Montpelier	675	565	84	Hilda Parker
East Los Angeles	744	815	110	Zelma Beck	Monument Park	673	647	96	Hazel Swain
East Mill Creek	737	769	104	Mary T. Maxfield	Mt. Graham	606	549	91	Lucy Barney
East Ogden	622	546	88	Karene N. Straw	Mt. Jordan	640	644	101	Bertha S. Powell
East Phoenix	462	469	102	Claradell S. DeWitt	Mt. Logan	625	475	76	Mary M. Larson
East Provo	416	386	93	Sarah H. Passey	Mt. Ogden	651	508	78	Luella King
East Rigby	582	551	95	Dale Burtenshaw	Mt. Rubidoux	483	485	100	Hilda Peel
East Riverside	452	445	98	Lora Y. Brown	Murray	796	730	92	Clara M. Duffin
East Sharon	292	299	102	Edna M. Hansen	Nampa	604	610	101	Mollie Terry
El Paso	326	264	81	Ethel C. Farnsworth	Nebo	728	560	77	Vida Moore
Emery	697	660	95	Fern M. Chappell	Nevada	380	315	83	Susan A. Mulliner
Emigration	420	433½	103	Emily C. Pollei	New York	248	280	113	Glenette Jones
Ensign	855	864	101	Emma P. Imlay	North Box Elder	586	614	105	Christina N. Bott
Farr West	551	447	81	Bertha R. England	North Carbon	471	389	83	Lydia Bendall
Franklin	771	685	81	Phyllis Kingsford	North Davis	651	620½	95	Helen S. Willy
Fresno	378	299	79	Claris Matheson	N. Idaho Falls	754	813½	108	Janet L. Landon
Garfield	333	257	77	Golda C. Haws	North Jordan	845	871	103	Elthura Mackay
Glendale	745	1076	144	Elsie Weber					

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North Sevier	397	352	89	Rhea Mickelsen
North Tooele	485	440	91	Mary M. McKellar
North Weber	593	471	79	Esther H. Butler
Nyssa	391	649	166	Lucile M. Goates
Oakland	680	730	107	Agnes M. Nelson
Ogden	605	654	108	Chloe F. Summerill
Oneida	675	574	85	Lillian G. Willis
Oquirrh	472	645	137	Enid O. Heise
Orange County	312	350	112	Fay L. Peterson
Orem	596	488	82	Alice Harris
Palmyra	1016	834½	82	Juanita J. Howard
Palo Alto	521	466	89	Dona B. Peters
Panguitch	401	332	83	Hazel Sevey
Park	792	771	97	Pearl E. Rohde
Parowan	356	317	89	Bertha W. Mitchell
Pasadena	896	943	105	Helen G. Baxter
Phoenix	540	528	98	Rose Openshaw
Pioneer	536	467	87	Emma O. Frenette
Pocatello	490	522	107	Margaret Thomas
Portland	484	460	95	Mildred S. Phillips
Portneuf	445	465	104	Ada L. Parris
Provo	481	618	128	Flora Buggert
Raft River	190	159	84	Alice O. Neddo
Reno	599	493	82	Gladys E. Greive
Rexburg	597	764	128	Martha J. Erickson
Richland	538	421	78	Edna Reynolds
South Idaho Falls	570	649	114	Renee J. Nielsen
South Los Angeles	1043	2567	246	Nancy M. Rupp
South Ogden	544	482	89	Laura Shearer
South Salt Lake	740	799	108	Hedy T. Davies
South Sevier	527	404	77	Leola Anderson
South Summit	416	315	76	Susie D. Andrus
Southern Arizona	572	506	88	Edna B. Allred
Spokane	452	412	91	Dorothy Marx
Star Valley	729	653½	90	Vera H. Roberts
Sugar House	772	816	106	Katie B. Fairbanks
Tacoma	436	471	108	Afton B. Dickson
Taylor	663	666	100	Helen Dahl
Temple View	746	639	86	Arva M. Burningham
Teton	457	411	90	Ruby F. Christiansen
Timpanogos	587	548	93	Ethel Fenton
Tooele	488	490	100	Jewel Halgren
Twin Falls	730	754	103	Ruth Lanning
Uintah	765	721½	94	Elsie M. Palmer
Union	474	526	111	Luana E. Peck
University	545	507½	93	Marian M. Tolton
Utah	512	425	83	Bertha Memmott
Uvada	266	269	101	Betty E. Young
Wasatch	672	629	94	Rena M. Casper
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Wayne	323	283	88	Emma B. Forsyth
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Weiser	450	432	96	Mary A. Larsen

Rigby	708	746	105	Grace Tucker
Riverdale	482	458	95	Ruby B. Erickson
Riverside	632	515	81	Winnie B. Stevenson
Roosevelt	543	483	89	Eva Holmes
Sacramento	727	753	104	Martha Gattiker
St. George	759	727	96	Agnes S. Pickett
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St. Joseph	542	562	104	Nira P. Lee
Salmon River	184	177	96	Eunice E. Hartvigson
Salt Lake	822	773	94	Frances L. Kooyman
San Bernardino	371	389	105	Evelyn W. Heath
San Diego	757	813	107	Fawn Hetzel
San Fernando	937	1152	123	Helen Yaple
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Shelley	631	758	120	Merle Young
Smithfield	665	574	86	Phyllis N. Allsop
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West Jordan	901	747	83	Elma Johnson
West Pocatello	685	786	115	Ione G. Slayden
West Utah	548	551	101	Cleo L. Thatcher
Wilford	655	728	111	Dorothy R. Larson
Woodruff	548	493	90	Naomi B. Harris
Yellowstone	729	696	95	Edna Heward
Young	423	426	101	Elsie Tanner
Zion Park	411	353	86	Lillian E. Roundy

MISSIONS

California	810	833	104	LaPriel S. Bunker
Central States	1181	1177	100	May E. J. Dyer
Great Lakes	959	811	85	Florence H. Richards
New England	458	346	76	Hattie B. Maughan
North Central States	430	369	86	Dora E. England
Northern California	300	271	90	Amelia P. Gardner
Northern States	698	594	85	Nettie P. Smoot
Northwestern States	753	677	90	Mavil A. McMurrin
Southern States	1476	1153	78	Emily E. Ricks
Texas-Louisiana	545	507	93	Phyllis D. Smith
West Central States	1261	1055	84	Marteal W. Hendricks
Western Canadian	469	398	85	Elizabeth H. Zimmerman
Western States	979	978	100	Mildred P. Elggren

NOTES FROM THE FIELD

Margaret C. Pickering, General Secretary-Treasurer

All material submitted for publication in this department should be sent through stake and mission Relief Society presidents. See regulations governing the submittal of material for "Notes From the Field" in the *Magazine* for April 1950, page 278, and in the *Handbook of Instructions*, page 123.

RELIEF SOCIETY ACTIVITIES

Photograph submitted by Rachael L. Lee

FRENCH MISSION, BRUSSELS BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, standing left to right: Rosa Denoyelle, President, Brussels Branch Relief Society; Diane Matticu, Secretary; Victoria Alini; Augusta Martin; Esther Migy; Colette Gregoire, accompanist.

Back row, standing, left to right: Louise Hochstein, Second Counselor; Maria Benoit; Nicole Mertzenich; Gabrielle Williams; Ninie De Leenheer; Christiane de Leenheer; Virginia Gott, chorister; Monique Martin.

Rachel L. Lee, President, French Mission Relief Society, reports on the Relief Society activities in her mission as follows: "I have been distributing the *Magazine* among members who read English, and no doubt all of our branches will see this picture. It will help them to realize that they are a part of a great organization where women all over the world are conducting the same activities and studying the same gospel lessons. We have been stressing this point this year, as it encourages the sisters in their tiny branches."

Sister Lee also submits an informative letter from Sister Virginia Gott, chorister of the Brussels Branch Singing Mothers, an excerpt from which follows: "Unlike many

servicemen's wives, who are living in strange lands faced with the problem of strange customs and strange languages, I do not suffer the pangs of loneliness as they do, because I know that as soon as I establish contact with the local branch of the Church, I will be mingling with my own people. I will have a place where I will be at home, among real friends, irrespective of nation or language."

Photograph submitted by Edna H. Bennion

SPOKANE STAKE (WASHINGTON), FOURTH WARD SINGING MOTHERS PRESENT "AN EVENING OF SONG," December 10, 1954

Group of carolers standing in the center, left to right: Marianne Bardsley, stake organist; Dorothea Gessel; Loa Jaten; Alberta O'Brien; Weldon Bastian.

Group of singers to left of carolers, front row, left to right: Zelda Conrad, stake Work Director Counselor; Fern Fuller; Nedra Quinton; Mary Johnson; Dorothy Lindgren, ward chorister.

Group of singers, second row, left to right: Leila Russon; Marlene Bastian; Melba Bastian, stake chorister.

Group of singers, third row, left to right: Berniece Conrad, Spokane Fourth Ward Relief Society President; Joyce Barlow; Eva Orme.

Group standing to the right of the carolers, front row, left to right: Naomi Rudd; Elna Whittle; Lois Barlow; Orla Pritchett.

Second row: Laura Wagstaff, Secretary, Spokane Stake Relief Society; Nina Lowder; Virginia Erickson.

Third row: Ruth McMullin; Ruth Collier, Work Director Counselor, Fourth Ward Relief Society; Aileen Hansen.

Appropriate stage settings for this "Evening of Song" were designed and constructed by Sharlene Howell. The picture shows the Christmas Carol Medley, one of the numbers of the "Winter Wonderland" group of songs. Brother Weldon Bastian provided a violin obligato to this number. This group of Singing Mothers also furnished music for one session of the Spokane Stake Quarterly Conference, January 16th, 1955.

Edna H. Bennion is former president of Spokane Stake Relief Society. The recently appointed president is Zelda S. Conrad.

Photograph submitted by Anna O. Smith

MOUNT LOGAN STAKE (UTAH), ELEVENTH WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right, beginning fourth from the left: Victoria Hansen, organist; Fern Smith, pianist; Clistie B. Johnson, chorister; Emily Larsen President, Eleventh Ward Relief Society. The men standing at the back are members of the ward bishopric, left to right: Lowell Jenkins, First Counselor; Reed Bullen, Bishop; Preston Olson, Second Counselor.

Anna O. Smith, President, Mount Logan Stake Relief Society, reports the activities of this enthusiastic group: "The chorus was organized in 1946 and has held rehearsals regularly and is invited to sing on many occasions. They sing in the ward fast meeting each month and receive a great deal of joy from such service. The chorus is a great asset to the ward and very much appreciated by the bishopric and ward members."

Photograph submitted by Marie J. Monson

BUTTE STAKE (MONTANA), DILLON WARD RELIEF SOCIETY SINGING MOTHERS

Front row, left to right: Ada Dieterle; Verla McCandles; Nora Lee Hilton; Dorothy Bergeson; Marie Taylor; Delma Ruegsegger; Etta Prather; Clara Payne; Lucille Swartz; Verla Boetticher, chorister.

Back row, left to right: Kay Wolf, accompanist; Lillerth Jones; Bertha Ruegsegger; Arzula Peterson; Minnie Stocker; Anna Lu Smith; Lavina Smith; Winnie Johnson; Anna Taylor; Lola Koefoed.

Marie J. Monson, President, Butte Stake Relief Society, reports that this group sings once a month for sacrament meeting, and for all special Relief Society programs. In the fall of 1954 they presented an entire skit for the bazaar.

Ruth W. Packer is president of Dillon Ward Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Elizabeth H. Zimmerman

WESTERN CANADIAN MISSION, UNIVERSITY OF ALBERTA BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Front row, seated, left to right: Carma Paxman, Counselor; Maureen Jensen, Secretary; Verla Smith, Counselor.

Standing at the back: Ruth Rice, President.

Elizabeth H. Zimmerman, President, Western Canadian Mission Relief Society, reports the activities of this unusual organization: "The Relief Society at the Institute of Alberta was organized October 3, 1954, with a complete program. It is comprised of thirty-five members. Each month they have had a special activity to build up interest, members, and also to raise funds for their organization. In October a Thanksgiving breakfast was served to the Priesthood members participating in a clean-up day at the Institute. In November the Relief Society conference was held with the Singing Mothers furnishing the music. During the month of December they held a bazaar, and a Christmas dinner. Besides these activities, they also take care of the sacrament cloths and write to the institute missionaries once a month. These young ladies are quite enthused over their work and the progress which they have made. All are proud to be members of such a fine organization."

Photograph submitted by Mary E. Cutler

GLENDALE STAKE (CALIFORNIA), GLENDALE EAST WARD "QUEENS FOR THE DAY" PROJECT

Front row, left to right: Grace Spangenberg; Elizabeth Brower; Blanch Bell; Maud Callison; Margaret Farnsworth; Ethel Kearl; Mary E. Cutler, President, Glendale Stake Relief Society; Rozilla Grant; Edna Beal, President Glendale East Ward Relief Society.

Second row, left to right: Bessie Hanson; LaPriel Haws; Etta Boggs; Clara Gough; Martha Hartley; Alice French; Shirley Jamison; Mary Tonkin; Elva Mowery; Cora Downs; Ruth Gough; Ethel Schroeder; Naomi Nielson; Lillian Canady.

Sister Beal reports that two sisters were absent when this picture was taken: Clair Wing and Rose Kelly. "Sister Kelly is work counselor and is in charge of this activity of honoring a sister each work day. Through this, and other work meeting day projects, our attendance has doubled at our work meetings."

Photograph submitted by Claire B. Jones

CEDAR STAKE (UTAH), CEDAR SECOND WARD RELIEF SOCIETY VISITING TEACHERS HONORED

Front row, seated, left to right: Margaret Urie; Mary Clark, a faithful visiting

teacher, who has been on the quilting committee for thirty years; Mettie Matheson, who has served fifty years as a visiting teacher; Ursalia Stanworth; Rose Lunt, a visiting teacher for fifty years; Winifred Urie; Lucy Esplin.

Back row, standing, left to right: Carolyn Bullock; Ada Leigh; Lula Corry; Agnes Wood; Mary Mackleprang.

All of the sisters in the photograph have served twenty-five years or more as visiting teachers.

Claire B. Jones is president of Cedar Stake Relief Society.

Photograph submitted by Bernice Dyer

WEST GERMAN MISSION, FRANKFURT (AMERICAN) BRANCH RELIEF SOCIETY

Seated on the floor, left to right: Renee Nelson, Johanna De St Jour, Harriet Hart, Lyle Petersen.

Second row, seated, left to right: Francis Pershing; Peggy Anderson, Second Counselor; Betty Jenks; Shirley Xanthus; Helen Wright, First Counselor; Alta Brossard, President.

Third row, standing, left to right: Janet Berryessa, a visitor from Iran; Gayla Green, a visitor from Munich; Bernice Dyer, President, West German Mission Relief Society.

As the groups (wives of servicemen) were organized last spring and summer (1954), they began the lessons at the beginning of the outlines. Sister Dyer reports that "By the first of October, nearly all were ready to begin the current lessons. Most of them hold meetings the year around, since they feel a definite need for that association. At the present time we have twelve such organizations in the West German Mission among the families of servicemen. In spite of the transient membership, they function efficiently and they are doing much good for the Latter-day Saint members who are here and also for many friends who have become interested."

Photograph submitted by Phyllis D. Smith

TEXAS-LOUISIANA MISSION, NORTH TEXAS DISTRICT, PLAINVIEW BRANCH BAZAAR, December 1954

Left to right: Lois Starks; Wanda Kalana, Second Counselor; Louise Montgomery, President; Nellie Miller, missionary; Nickolette Bell, *Magazine* representative; Randall Bell, child.

Phyllis D. Smith, President, Texas-Louisiana Mission Relief Society, reports that this branch Relief Society was organized in September 1953. There are ten sisters enrolled. "We are very proud of the accomplishments of this small Relief Society."

On Washdays

June B. Wunderlich

I empty out each crumpled little pocket,
Gather playworn treasures to a heap
For growing hands to sort, before noon sleep
Subdues activity. A tarnished locket
Without catch or chain, a fragile paper rocket
Battered by missions to the moon; down deep
A broken, withered wishbone, serving to keep
Expectant eyes aglow—so runs the docket.

Once more I pray my wish—oh, help me fill
The secret pockets hidden in the seams
Of childhood, with shining, all-enduring dreams,
With memories to launch an earthdrawn will
To the stars—as wealth in trust for hands full grown
To coin, when searching back in need, alone.

Herbs for Modern Cookery

Chives

Elizabeth Williamson

CHIVES (Allium schoenoprasum) are native to Northern Europe and North America, a perennial belonging to the onion family. This attractive plant, with lavender blooms and dark green leaves, grows to the height of eight or ten inches. It is easy to grow and seems to like most any soil. The bulb-like clusters at the root can be separated in the spring or fall. Each bulb will make a plant, but it is better to divide each clump into three or four parts for assuring a healthier plant. Potted chives can be grown all winter indoors, and they make a pretty addition to the kitchen window. The mild onion flavor is popular with many people who find that onions cause digestive disturbances.

Chopped chives may be added to: stuffed eggs, cottage cheese, cream cheese, salads, mashed potatoes, tomato juice, and omelettes.

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..... Blow, Bugle. Blow—Neidlinger-Madsen ..... .18

..... God Shall Wipe Away All Tears—Roma ..... .16

..... Hold Thou My Hand—Briggs ..... .20

..... If Christ Came Back—O'Hara ..... .20

..... I Walked Today Where Jesus Walked—O'Hara ..... .22

..... Let the Mountains Shout For Joy—Stephens ..... .15

..... Lord's Prayer—Gates ..... .20

..... My Soul Is Athirst For God—Stickles .20

..... Out of the Depths—Todd ..... .20

..... Praise Ye the Father—Gounod..... .10

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Cement Chimney Blocks as Planting Boxes

Willard Luce

INTERESTING planting boxes can be made from cement chimney blocks. These blocks are 18 by 18 inches, 7¾ inches high, and have a hole through them 9 inches square.

You can place them in the dirt of the planting area surrounding the terrace, allowing them to stick up about an inch and a half above the terrace. Or they can be placed directly on the terrace and filled with soil. When the latter method is used, the plants in them must be watered often, as the blocks become quite hot and pull the water from the soil.

The blocks can be used with their natural cement color, or they can be painted bright colors which will contrast with the surrounding garden and terrace.

About twenty-five per cent of the cost of the blocks can be saved by buying seconds. These are not suitable for chimneys, but will usually work perfectly as planting boxes.

Suddenly Butterflies

Lael W. Hill

Suddenly white butterflies blossom
over the half-blind garden,
And frost will not be thought of again
till October—or September;
It is the green time . . . already
summer forever
As the white butterflies and the wakening
bees remember.

It is summer already, whose young leaves
will span every tomorrow;
Wind is sun-warm . . . there was never
a winter to think of . . . . Together
With gold bees finding their always
opening flowers,
The sudden white butterflies blossom
to honeying weather.

Father's Garden

Bernice T. Clayton

A precious bit of paradise
Was father's garden. In his eyes
It was a place for children's play,
Where flowers bloomed to give away;
The place where he could best express
His love of home, his happiness.

A quiet man, he spoke in deeds
And flowers grown from precious seeds;
His choicest blossoms for the wife
He loved and cherished all through life.
Just one extravagance he had—
That lovely garden of my Dad.

One day he went to buy some clothes
He long had needed, but he chose
To order Holland bulbs, and then
He wore his shabby suit again.
How could we know that every spring
The suit he didn't buy would bring
A wealth of memories instead
Of just a gorgeous tulip bed?

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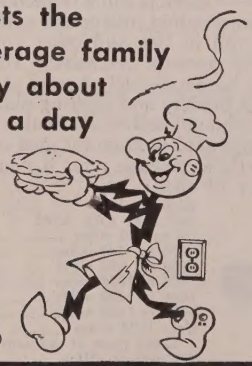

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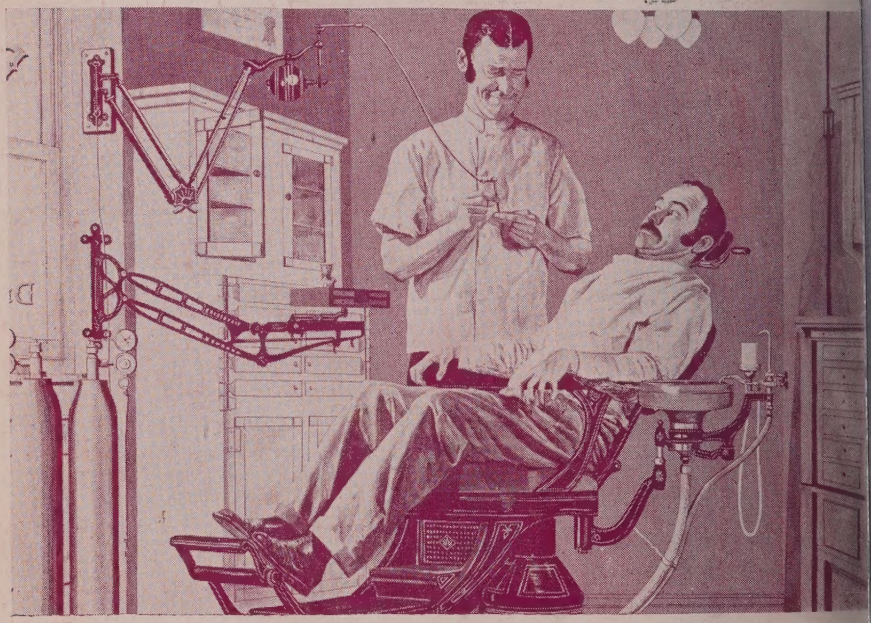

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